

Rotarian

OCT 23 1942

NOVEMBER



LEON HENDERSON

Inflation
Is a Wolf

WILLIAM F. OGBURN

There'll Always
Be a Family

ALBERT E. WIGGAM

Foremen in
10 Hours!

**PUBLICITY FOR OFFICE-
HOLDERS' INCOMES?**

Paul H. Douglas
Joseph Rosier

PICTURE PAGES

Action at
Fort Atkinson

Saving Texas'
Soil

Glamour Bird
Of the Field

1942

"Keep 'Em Rollin'.. or Else!"

says grandpappy engine 2414
to a 1942 Santa Fe Freight Diesel



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FOR 70 YEARS



"Back in '98, in the Spanish-American War," reminisces little Old-Timer 2414, "20 cars was an average-length freight train. By World War I, we'd upped our Santa Fe freights to an average 35.9 cars. Not bad railroadin', that."

"Not bad is right," answers the big new freight Diesel, "but not good enough for World War II. Now we've stretched 'em out another 41%, to 50.9 cars, and those cars are bigger, loaded heavier, and rolling farther and faster."

"Good work, son," says Old-Timer. "Yours is the BIG war job. Keep 'em rollin'—or else!"

KEEP 'EM ROLLIN'—OR ELSE

★ No nation that does not possess efficient mass transportation can hope to win a modern war. In America that mass transportation job is squarely up to her railroads. *If they fail, we lose.*

Neither battle gallantry nor indus-

trial wizardry alone will turn the tide. To meet this tremendous responsibility, *we ask for every possible consideration in the allocation of materials for vitally essential repairs, maintenance and new equipment.*

DAILY THE LOAD INCREASES

To date, the railroads have met 100% the staggering demands born of this global war. Many have helped make that record possible—the War Department, the Office of Defense Transportation, civilian shippers and travelers everywhere.

In the first six months of 1942, *with 25% fewer locomotives*, the Santa Fe moved 94% more freight ton-miles and 27% more military and civilian passenger miles than in the first six months of 1918, in World War I.

Daily the load increases. No man knows what the peak will be. *We do know there is a limit to the performance that can be squeezed out of existing equipment.*

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES



Railway Article 'Bully'

Asserts SAMUEL O. DUNN
Editor, Railway Age
Chicago, Illinois

I enthusiastically endorse T. E. Murphy's *The Railroads Can Take It!*, in the October ROTARIAN. As one not inexperienced in that kind of work, I consider it a bully good article and marvel at his accuracy.

I found only one inaccuracy in it, and Mr. Murphy was not to blame for that. He said new passengers "have upped passenger traffic to the highest point in 20 years." They have upped it to a higher point than in any year; because since the beginning of May, travel by railway has exceeded the previous all-time high record made in 1920.

Disagreement on Columbus

Voiced by MARIANO FONT
Founder, Overseas Rotary Fellowship
New York, New York

I would like to correspond with Francisco Monterde, author of *Too Much Credit to Columbus?* [October ROTARIAN]. I do not agree with some of his statements, for I have read a lot about the history of Columbus.

In the first place, I think that never, never, will there be enough credit given to Columbus, no matter how efficiently he was helped by the brothers Pinzón or by anybody else. On the contrary, I have always considered it a tremendous injustice that this continent was named after Americus and not after him.

In the second place, neither Columbus nor any intelligent man in those days thought that the world was "flat." If he had thought that, how is it that Columbus proposed to reach India by sailing west? Columbus knew that the world was a "sphere."

How can Historian Monterde say that the celebrated Bridge of Pines was situated "near the border"? The border of France? Why, that bridge is situated only six or eight miles from Granada, where the Kings were and where the *alguacil* that the Kings sent for him caught him and told him to return to Santa Fe, where the celebrated capitulations were signed.

'We Poles Carry On'

Says LIEUT. KAROL HERSE
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

It was a real pleasure for me to receive the September ROTARIAN containing a letter from Harwood ("Jack") Frost and the picture of Mrs. Herse and myself [*Talking It Over*, page 2]. My only comment, if any, will be that Mr. Frost represented me so favorably that it is rather strange to read so many

pleasant things about oneself in print. With the third anniversary of the invasion of Poland, we have quite persuaded ourselves that we have to carry on, no matter what the reverses of the struggle are. We consider it our sacred duty to give everything to the cause and, as the Polish saying goes, not to ask any change from the State. . . I was deeply moved by your interest and by the whole approach to the matter by your organization and by Mr. Frost. . .

Add: Retail Services in Wartime

From M. B. AUTEN, Rotarian
President, State Bank
Cass City, Michigan

Walter B. Pitkin in his *Retailing NOT As Usual* [September ROTARIAN] might well have added this example of what retailers can do in wartime to gain goodwill:

Cass City is a small agricultural town in the Thumb of Michigan. Mac and Scotty are brothers—young enterprising druggists. They have evolved a successful system which is pleasing to servicemen and convenient for the neighborhood.

A large board [see cut] is displayed in their show window. On it hang 4 by 6 cards with the printed names and addresses of every serviceman from this community. Friends, neighbors, and the servicemen themselves keep the addresses up to date.

Each week names of these men are shuffled in a box and drawn by Rotarians, each of whom writes to the man whose name he drew. The men like the



Young and old, we love the Santa Claus myth—but is it good for us? Are children's minds scarred when the dreadful truth is told? A group of parents discuss this in your

December ROTARIAN

What has happened to Manila Rotarians since the fall of The Philippines? News of some of them, together with the memories of three decades in the city, is told by one of them in your

December ROTARIAN

When, last January, Brazil was host to the nations of the Americas, her spokesman was the brilliant and able Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Oswaldo Aranha. His views on the Americas as "Lands of Light and Liberty" appear in your

December ROTARIAN

letters, and replies are read at Rotary meetings. Mac and Scotty also take a picture of each man appearing here on a furlough and display these pictures.

The system has proved so successful here that we think other towns should hear of it.

Re: Adventure in Adoption

From MRS. MAE FACTOR
Maywood, Illinois

In the September, 1942, *Reader's Digest* a condensed version of May Reynolds Sherwin's *Our Adventure in Adoption* from the September *ROTARIAN* was of most interest to me. This article was the most beautiful and humane thing I've ever come across.

'Grim and Gay'

Relayed by F. C. HICKSON
General Secretary, R.I.B.I.
London, England

[Re: T. D. Young's *Rotary in Britain Is Vital*, September *ROTARIAN*]. Here is a little story about one of our Clubs in the front line provided by J. A. Rose, of Gravesend, Representative of Rotary District 12:

Three days before I was due to visit and address one of the Clubs in my District, I heard a rumor that its meeting place had been demolished. As my visit meant an awkward train journey occupying most of the day, I did not want to have a lost journey. So I rang up the Secretary to ascertain the facts. He confirmed the rumor, but said the Club Council was meeting that evening to try to make alternative arrangements. He promised to let me know if they were unsuccessful. Hearing nothing, I duly went. A few miles before reaching my destination, I had to leave the train and to continue the journey by bus, owing to a further onslaught the previous night, which had temporarily blocked the line. (It was working again when I returned in the afternoon.) On arrival at the station I was greeted by the stationmaster, a member of the Club, who took me along to the new headquarters. There I found the Secretary, in his shirt sleeves, moving in.

They were being housed in a small room almost completely filled by a large table, at which there was only just room for the company which assembled. (The Club is only about two-thirds its pre-war strength.) There was no space left for the waitresses to pass around the table to serve the far side, so everything had to be passed across by those on the near side. "Service above self." The proprietor of the Club's old home, himself a member of the Club, was present, still smiling. Three cuts across the forehead were the only outward marks of damage he showed, though he was in one end of a room in his house when a bomb went through the other. The other men were uninjured in person, though there was not one among them who had not suffered injury, more or less serious, to property. But if I had not known all this, I would never have guessed it from their demeanor. They gave a splendid example of the practical application of the Prime Minister's admonition to be "grim and gay."

Wanted: Tips for Introducers

By LEROY WOOD, *Rotarian*
Former Railroad Man
St. Joseph, Missouri

I read with great profit Charles M. Sheldon's *Down with the Deadly Preliminaries!* in the September *ROTARIAN*; also the "Sheldon Tips" to chairmen, speakers, and audiences. There is one vital point he did not touch on, and that is tips to Rotarians who introduce speakers. I have been a Rotarian more than 22 years, have served as President of my Rotary Club, have served as Chairman of all Committees, and am still in the harness, so I can speak from sad experience on this matter.

I have asked numbers of Rotarians to introduce a speaker. Many of them refuse to do so, saying that they do not know what to say or how to say it, that they would be embarrassed and feel bad if they made a mess of it. Some of those who accepted did make a mess of it. There is only one way to learn how to introduce a speaker and that is to practice it.

I believe some real live suggestions could well be presented in *THE ROTARIAN* on this important matter and be of real assistance to those who may not be skilled in introducing speakers.

Forego Captatio Benevolentiae

Asks HEINRICH LAMM, M.D., *Rotarian*
Physician and Surgeon
La Feria, Texas

In *Down with the Deadly Preliminaries!* [September *ROTARIAN*] Charles M. Sheldon was speaking of preliminaries which preceded the speaker's address. I think there are preliminaries the speaker himself might "put down."

The old rules on how to write a good theme, traditionally observed still today in schools devoted to the classics, demand a *captatio benevolentiae*—i.e., "catching the goodwill"—as a necessary component of the opening passage. This may be the excuse for a wide-

spread abuse in public speakers' habits which should be changed thoroughly. The majority of them begin by stating how happy they are to be here, how much they like the landscape and the good fishing in that part of the country, what an appealing documentation of civic spirit they noticed when entering the town, what an obviously excellent bunch of fellows they are favored to address, and so on.

Everybody knows such a speaker says exactly the same wherever he might be, except for minor local variations, and that he probably means half of what he says. Still it must be soothing to the mind and flattering to the ears. However, five minutes of the 20-minute talk (announced by the program chairman as a "message") are spent in captivation of benevolence. This procedure is undignified. Who enters a group of educated men of goodwill—as, for example, a Rotary Club should be—should enjoy the group's benevolence without flattering, and should justify it and fasten it by strictly sticking to the point of his address.

Prepare for Durable Peace NOW

Insists DR. F. L. KLINGBERG
Political Scientist
James Millikin University
Decatur, Illinois

I agree with Nicholas Doman's view as expressed in his article in *THE ROTARIAN*'s symposium for October [*Organizing the Post-War World*] when he says, "A successful military decision is not enough." It isn't! We must prepare for peace *now* in order to be ready for peace when it comes. As I see it, the possibility that we can make a fairly stable peace rests largely on avoiding certain dangers in the peacemaking. Among these are:

1. *Misinterpreting the fundamental reason for the war.* Many commonly given causes for the war are only partly true: evil men, evil nations, the Treaty of Versailles, and the like. The most important reason seems to be international anarchy in an interdependent and shrinking world. The greatest need today is a recognition of the principle that the security of all nations is essential to the security of each nation. This means a willingness by all great nations to undertake their full share of responsibility in solving world problems.

2. *Acting too strongly or quickly.* Force, of course, is necessary, but to be successful it must be exerted by the community and on its behalf. Forces of the United Nations must occupy the defeated nations at first, but in the name of the family of nations and for the ultimate benefit of all. Whole nations cannot be punished without disastrous consequences.

Also, there must be a transitional period after hostilities cease in which the pressing problems of reconstruction are immediately dealt with by the victorious nations in cooperation. After hatred and fear have subsided, then world conferences representing all peoples can tackle the chief international problems and set up more permanent organizations.

3. *Acting too weakly or indecisively,*

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from one or more of the following causes: revival of isolationism, internal disunity, disunity among the victorious Allies, oversimplification of the problems of peace, looking backward.

Let us recognize that the ideas dominant in the 19th Century are being modified or expanded in this century. A new international outlook is replacing the spirit of absolute nationalism; the old white imperialism is ending. Democracy in the future will stress individual obligations as well as individual rights, economic rights as well as political rights. The increasing secularism of the world for the past 400 years is likely to be replaced, during these times of tremendous stress, by a rebuilt moral and religious faith which will emphasize the brotherhood of man in practice.

While we are fighting and winning the war, we must be laying the foundations for a durable peace.

Played Ball with 'Billy' Phelps

Recalls HERBERT A. MOORE
Attorney at Law
Du Bois, Pennsylvania

I am a past governor of the Pennsylvania Kiwanis district and a past international trustee of Kiwanis for two terms, or four years. Over half a century ago "Uncle Billy" Phelps and I played on the Chautauqua baseball teams and I am in close touch with him. Through good Rotarians I have had the privilege of reading his monthly message in THE ROTARIAN. But I am not satisfied with this and desire a copy of the magazine for my own use and preservation. Enclosed you will find my check for \$1.50 in payment of a year's subscription.

'I Want to Fight'

Says MARY G. PHILLIPS
Author, Wife of Rotarian -
Ithaca, New York

Thank you for returning that photograph used with my article *What Homes Expect of Schools* [August ROTARIAN]. I never dreamed there would be so much comment on the *Home and School* symposium! Several letters have come to me—one from Belmont Farley, director of public relations for the National Education Association—and I think ROTARIAN readers will be interested in it too. The book Mr. Farley sent me on *The Purposes of Education in American Democracy* is excellent—I am ashamed not to have known of it earlier, as it was published in 1938. It really is one of the most stimulating books on education I have ever read. And his letter makes me want to get out and fight for better salaries for teachers!

Here is Mr. Farley's letter:

We are very much interested in the recent feature *Home and School* appearing in the August, 1942, ROTARIAN. I do not write you to take issue with any of your statements because I find myself in agreement with most of them. I note, however, your statement that "educators [might] define their objectives." I thought you might like to have a comprehensive definition of these aims by a commission appointed seven years ago to chart policies of American education. I am enclosing a list of the present members of this commission and under separate cover, a copy of *The Purposes of Education in American Democracy*.

In the demand [Continued on page 59]



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meals; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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VENEZUELA-Homeland of Bolívar

ON HIS third voyage Columbus reached the mainland of America (1498), on the coast of what is now Venezuela. A year later Alonso de Ojeda followed up the exploration, and when his ships entered Lake Maracaibo, the native houses on piles amid the many islands caused him to name the country "Little Venice" — Venezuela. One of the party, Amerigo Vespucci, marked that name on a map which later gave two continents the name of "America," after its maker.

It was from Venezuela that both Francisco de Miranda, the precursor of Spanish-American liberty, and Simon Bolivar, the liberator, came. It was Venezuela that first revolted against the Napoleonic regime, that first established a constitutional republic in Latin America.

Venezuela is a tropical land. The entire area lies in the Torrid Zone. There are four main regions—the highlands (near Guiana), the plains, the mountain ranges, and the low coastal region.

It is this last portion that contains Maracaibo Lake, with its many islets and its Venetian houses that gave the country its name. Here, too, are the oil resources that permitted Venezuela to come through the depression of the 1930s in better financial condition than any other country, with no external debt.

Besides petroleum, Venezuela exports coffee, gold, pearls, and agricultural products. The lush plains, with rich grasses, watered by the great Orinoco River and its nearly 500 tributaries, offer sustenance for the herds of cattle that produce hides for commerce. The coffee crop, second only to petroleum in value, grows everywhere, but the best qualities come from the highlands.

Venezuela is a strongly federated republic, with 20 States, two Federal territories, a Federal dependency, and a Federal district. There are three divisions of the Government: executive, legislative, and judicial. The population, according to the Government's 1941 census, is 3,839,747, composed of whites, Indians, and mestizos.

Caracas, the capital and chief city, was founded in 1567. It was here the first Rotary Club in Venezuela was founded, in 1926. On August 1, 1942, there were 14 Rotary Clubs with some 400 members in the country.

Readers wishing further opportunity to read articles in Spanish will find it in REVISTA ROTARIA, published monthly in that language. A year's subscription in the Americas is \$1.50.

EN SU TERCER viaje, Colón tocó el continente americano (1498), en la costa de lo que hoy es Venezuela. Un año después Alonso de Ojeda reanudó la

exploración y, cuando sus naves penetraron en el Lago de Maracaibo, el aspecto de las casas aborígenes, construidas en numerosas islas, lo indujo a llamar al país "Pequeña Venecia" — Venezuela. Uno de sus acompañantes, Amerigo Vespuccio, anotó el nombre en un mapa, que después dió el nombre de América al nuevo continente descubierto.

Fué en Venezuela donde nacieron, tanto Francisco de Miranda, el precursor de la independencia hispanoamericana, como Simón Bolívar, el Libertador. Fué en Venezuela donde surgió la primer rebelión contra el régimen napoleónico establecido en España, y donde primero se creó, en la América Ibero, una república constitucional.

Venezuela es un país tropical. Todo su territorio está comprendido dentro de la zona tórrida. Se divide en cuatro regiones principales—la altiplanicie (cerca de las Guayanas), los llanos, la cordillera y la costa.

En esta última se halla el Lago de Maracaibo con sus numerosos isletes y sus casas "venecianas" a que debe su nombre el país. En la costa se hallan también los yacimientos petrolíferos que permitieron a Venezuela capear la crisis económica de la cuarta década del siglo mejor que cualquier otro país. No tiene deuda exterior.

Además de petróleo, Venezuela exporta café, oro, perlas y productos agrícolas. Los fértiles llanos, con ricos pastos regados por el Orinoco y sus 500 afluentes, ofrecen sustento a las grandes manadas de ganado cuyas pieles explota el comercio. El café, cuya importancia como producto de exportación cede el primer lugar solamente al petróleo, se cosecha en todo el país, pero el de mejor calidad es el que se produce en la altiplanicie.

Venezuela es una república federal compuesta por 20 estados, dos territorios, una región federal y el distrito federal. El gobierno está dividido en tres poderes: ejecutivo, legislativo y judicial. La población, de acuerdo con el censo oficial de 1941, asciende a 3.839.747 individuos, y está integrada por blancos, mestizos e indios.

Caracas, la capital, y su ciudad principal, fué fundada en 1567. Allí se estableció el primer Rotary club de Venezuela en 1926. El 1.º de agosto de 1942 había 14 Rotary clubs en el país, con unos 400 socios.



Little Lessons on Latin America

No. 11

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WILLIAM F. OGBURN is Sewell L. Avery Professor of Sociology at the University of Chicago. As research director of PRESIDENT HERBERT HOOVER'S Research Committee on Social Trends (1930-33), he had ample opportunity to study the future of the family.

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY is an Irish wit, poet, and author who also "leads a double life." His semiautobiographic writings picture him as a madcap bachelor, but in private life he is a staid married family man. He is well known as a surgeon and served as a Senator of Eire for 14 years.

LEON HENDERSON is probably the best-known and least-known man in the

Photo: OWI



Henderson

United States today. He was born and raised in Millville, New Jersey, the son of a clergyman, and educated at Swarthmore College, in Pennsylvania. Until called to Washington, D. C., by the NRA in 1934, he had spent five years as a college teacher, one year as a State employee, nine years as an economist for the Russell Sage Foundation. As Price Administrator under the new Office of Economic Stabilization—James F. Byrnes, Director—he now, since October 3, "dictates" the cost of living in the United States.

—THE CHAIRMEN

THE Rotarian MAGAZINE

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THE PRESIDENT of the Republic of Ecuador, Carlos Arroyo del Rio, is also the Honorary President of the Rotary Club of Quito, Ecuador. In both capacities, he welcomed the visitors to the annual Conference of the 39th District of Rotary International (Ecuador).



Photo: Harris & Ewing



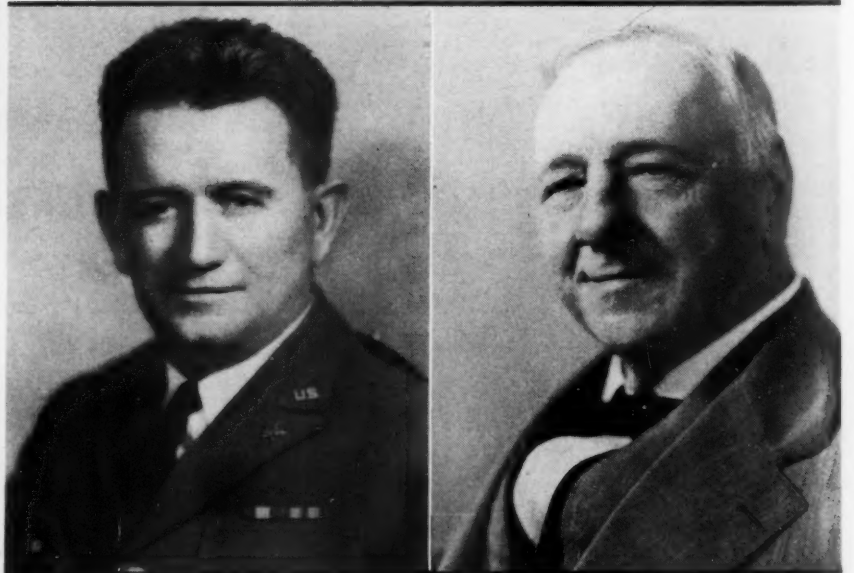
ADMIRAL Robert L. Ghormley, one of the heroes of the Solomon Islands campaign, hails from Moscow, Idaho. Old schoolmates and friends "back home" have elected him to honorary membership in their Rotary Club.

RIGHT: Major General Lewis B. Hershey, Director, U. S. Selective Service, wrote, in accepting honorary membership in his home-town Rotary Club of Angola, Ind.: "It is with gratitude and appreciation I accept."

JOSEPHUS DANIELS (far right), many years a Rotarian, has again, at 80, taken active control of his Raleigh, N. C., newspaper. Until recently U. S. Ambassador to Mexico, he was Navy Secretary in World War I.



ADMIRAL Ernest J. King, Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet and Chief of Naval Operations, recently became an honorary member of the Rotary Club of his home town, Lorain, Ohio. On a one-day visit home, he lunched at Rotary and received his pin.



Photos: (left and right) Harris & Ewing

On Seeing 'All the Pictures'

By **Oliver St. John Gogarty**

Irish Doctor and Author

A bit of divine humor in one's view of life keeps it fresh and level. A dying man taught the author that.

HE CAME into my consulting room unannounced. The maid closed the door behind him. I was left confronted by a burly man with a full pink face that merged downward into a broad neck. He had dusty, colorless hair; and he looked at me out of small blue eyes that had the incessant gaze of an animal at bay.

I noticed a little lump at the angle of his jaw which made his thick neck bulge out of all proportion to its apparent size. He did not speak. Men with laryngeal cancer are not loquacious. At length, when I was beginning to feel disconcerted, his eyes shed some of the intentness of their regard. He broke the silence, hoarsely:

"The old throat," he said, and pointed to it with his forefinger. I motioned him to the chair and examined his throat with a laryngeal mirror. I was about to ask him if it hurt him to swallow, but whether he saw it in my face or knew instinctively the hopelessness of his case, I know not. It was he who questioned me.

"How long have I?" he asked.

I began: "No one is in a position to determine life. Its duration is out of our hands. There are cases that had all the appearance of being intractable. . . ."

He cut me short. "Have I six months?"

I did not answer. Evidently he took my silence for an unfavorable verdict. Abruptly he rose from the seat. He wanted no discussion of his case. He was in a hurry to meet his fate.

"I don't care. I've seen all the 'pictures,'" he said and left.

It was a relief to me. There is no graver moment in the life of a doctor than that when he has to pronounce a sentence of death. With a judge it is different. In law the criminal is guilty. In medicine it is an innocent victim who has to be condemned. Of this, the man's abruptness relieved me. He

had "seen all the 'pictures.'" He was through with the panorama and the phenomena of the exterior world. Without sentiment or self-pity he was dismissing life.

Now this was 20 years ago and long before we called the movies "the pictures." The very fact that he was the first in my memory to use the words as a metaphor of external Nature, that he had the courage to be so detached, increased my admiration. For humor, the power to see a situation from the standpoint of eternity, bespeaks a touch of the eternal in a man. It means that there is an assurance of an everlasting order in ourselves. His battle was already won. Why? Because he had transcended himself when he called life "the pictures." He had made the discovery that life is a play. He had removed himself from the stage to become a spectator. He was no longer amid the coil. What matter if the tragedy was his own.

Whence comes this power of getting outside oneself? Whence comes this humor, this gift of laughing at our mortal lot and of looking at our life as a transient thing. Obviously, from a source which is itself eternal and divine; from a divinity that permits us to share its divine nature, to rise superior to the ephemeral within us, and that emboldens us not to care.

Long after he had turned to the darkness I pondered with amused admiration on his courage. He had lived fully, and if his habit of life had "hardened all within and petrified the feeling" until life came to mean to him nothing more than a play of shadows, at least

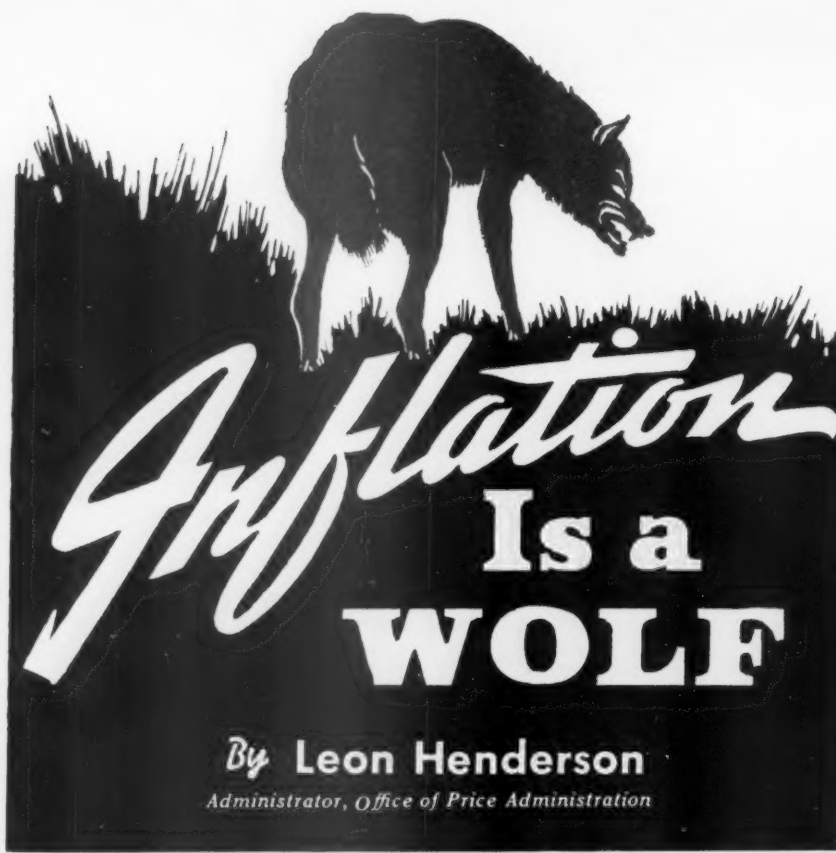
he was able to resign himself to seeing it no more. The pictures could only keep on repeating themselves. He preferred to join the shades that make the show.

I meditated on this, realizing that all great religions teach that life is a maya, a veil, an illusion, a world of appearances behind which lies the world of reality and of truth. I confess that it was somewhat of a relief to hear this called by a new name that relieved it not a little of its somberness. I began to pluck up courage and to regard the passing of life less fearfully. The pictures!

I resolved to miss nothing of life's infinite beauty. I gave myself time to watch and to note the play of the sun among the leaves, and their patterns on the ground, the sheen after rain, the curve of a sea gull's flight, the wavering of running water, the stars on a frosty night, the twilight when human homes grow bright like stars, the unconscious grace of the movements of man or animal, and the joy and the pride of life in the human countenance, the only thing on earth that laughs, aware of the Divine.

AND THEN I learned another lesson. I found that I could gaze for only a limited time on the stars or on a beautiful face. The eye could fill with seeing. Beauty was transient even as I. This was a strange and startling discovery. Yet I find comfort in it withal because when the time comes for me to join the shadows, it will be easier to say, filled with living, and accompanied by Beauty, "I don't care. 'I have seen all the pictures.'" "





SOME AMERICANS think, I am sure, that we of the Office of Price Administration are on the prowl for some innocent sheep—that we are stalking the economic jungle with a cannon, looking for a lamb.

We have been stalking and we are stalking, but it hasn't been and isn't for sheep. We're hunting a wolf—the one in sheep's clothing.

Inflation is just that kind of an animal, masquerading in a borrowed pelt; sleek, glossy, very tempting. Inflation always wears the trappings of prosperity. Employment is up. Wages are booming. Farm prices are good. Factories hum night and day. New acres are plowed. Pockets are full and buying is frantic.

It's really a masquerade, and our feelings of complacency, of prosperity, are our masks. When midnight strikes and the masks come off, we recognize ourselves for what we are—dupes of our own making.

Now — *today* — is midnight. There is no time left for masquerading. The world we live in is grim and bloody, a world of hard reality and hard fact. It will become grimmer and bloodier. It

will grow harder long before it will become easier. Unless we check ourselves quickly, unless we become realistic about the jam we are in, it may become far bloodier and more grim than it need be.

This war will be won on the battle front. It will be won at the cost of lives lost on the sea, in the air, on the land. It won't be won anywhere else. *But it can be lost on the home front!* The war can be lost unless we, the entire civilian population, take our battle stations.

What are they? I can explain in three short sentences.

We must produce to the limit of our capacity and our strength.

We must produce more than we have ever produced before.

And we must learn to live on less.

I have spoken of inflation as a wolf. It can be pictured, too, as a disease—a disease which must be fought with bitter, ill-tasting medicines. All of you who lived through 1929 know the symptoms of the disease. You know, too, that the medicine is necessary and the dose need be strong if the disease is not to become epidemic. You have lived through epidemic in-

flation and have seen its ravages in times of peace. Now it would be fatal.

Yet there are those who, defying memory and commonsense, insist on tempting fate to make a little easy money. They take a chance here, another there. They chisel a little on this side, a little on that. What is the effect? To weaken the controls that are our common need to protect ourselves.

In the Office of Price Administration, we propose to enforce price regulations wherever it is necessary to enforce them—and enforce them to the hilt. Four months have passed since the "General Maximum Price Regulations" went into effect. What is the picture of our fight against inflation as it shapes up today?

The plain fact is that we are now fighting a delaying action. We have been on the defensive. Our cost of living has continued to advance. Our figures do show that prices on *commodities that are controlled* have gone down.

That is an achievement. It is, however, a mere ledger achievement. Balanced against the rise in costs *not* controlled, you can see that the cost of living has continued to rise.

There is but one conclusion. *We must resume the offensive.*

Let us look at the picture of farm income in this year of war. The 1942 farm income in America, it is estimated, will reach about 15 billions of dollars. That, compared with 8.7 billions, including Government cash payments in 1939, represents an increase of nearly 75 percent. I do not mean to suggest that some of this increase has not been fair, much of it justifiable. I do say, in all seriousness, however, that increases of that sort in the income of any one group must not continue.

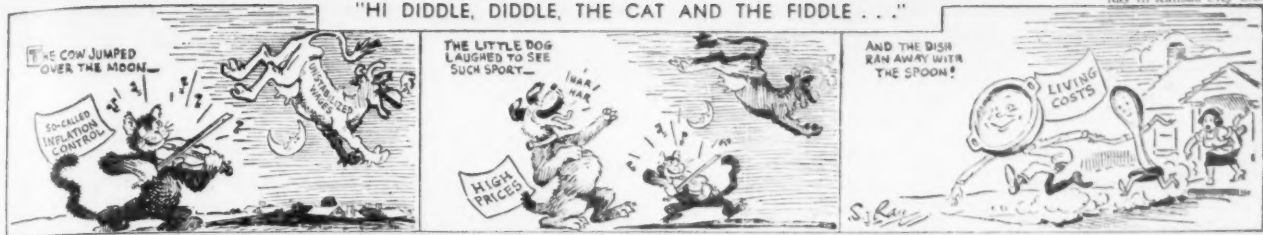
Let us look now at the picture of the workers' income. Wages and salaries paid out to American wage earners in 1942 will total an estimated 75 billions of dollars. That compared with 43.7 billions in 1939 also represents an increase of 70 percent.

Let us look at it another way: wage and salary increases during the last year have amounted to \$1,200,000,000 a month!

At the same time—and mark

"HI DIDDLE, DIDDLE, THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE . . ."

Ray in Kansas City Star

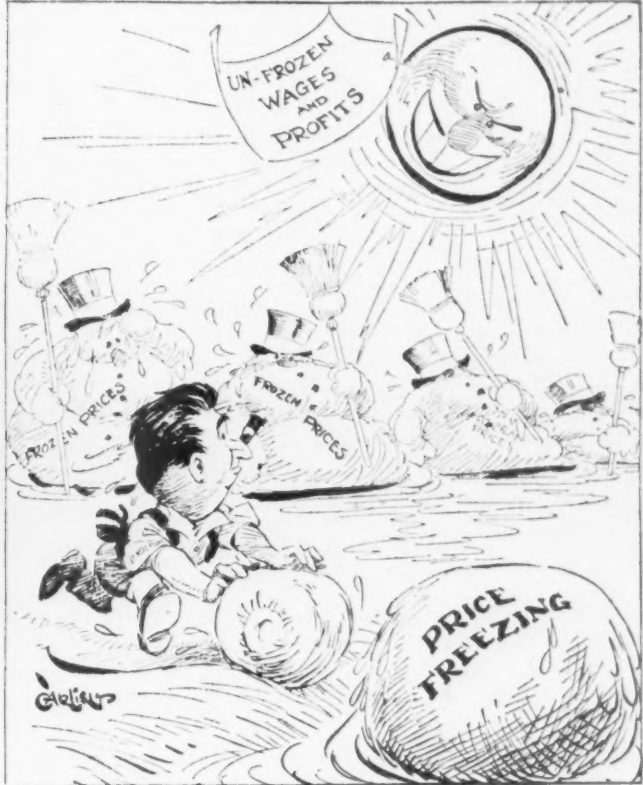


Power in Detroit Free Press



AND WE CAN REMEMBER WHEN HE HAD TO PRIME IT!

Carlisle in Chicago Sun



MR. HENDERSON'S DIFFICULT TASK

Bishop in St. Louis Star-Times



REACTIONS TO PRICE FIXING

Dr. Seuss in PM



DON'T KID YOURSELF. IF HE SHOOTS THE WORKS, YOU'RE SUNK!

this well—the cost of living has not even begun to catch up. On weekly earnings in money, the total gain for the American worker since August, 1939, has been 30 percent. On *real* weekly earnings—that is, on things the money will actually buy—that increase has been 11 percent. Once more, I do not mean to suggest that some of this increase has not been fair, much of it justifiable.

I say to you again in all seriousness that if the United States is to win this fight against inflation, increases of that sort in the income of any one group must not continue. Can the nation afford to fight a war for the profit of any one group?

Does that mean that the farmer and the wage-earning group alone must accept these sacrifices? By no means. Corporations—big and small—must also accept the necessity for reduced incomes both for their stockholders and for their officers. If we are to win this offensive, there must be further cuts in corporate profits.

Why is this choice necessary? It doesn't take an economist to figure out the answer. I have said before and I repeat now: the nation is faced with the hard implacable fact that there simply are not enough goods in the United States to meet the demands of increased income. We are faced in a time of swelling income with a rapidly dwindling amount of goods.

In the year 1942, incomes of all individuals will reach the staggering total of 113 billions. At the same time national production of goods and services for civilians will amount to no more than 75 billions. Taxes and savings will amount to about 29 billions—that leaves approximately 84 billions of income.

What will be the result? In round terms there will be 84 billions of dollars fighting to purchase 75 billions in goods—84 billions in pay checks and currency competing one with another to buy food, clothes, toys, books, movies—all the hundreds of items that make up yearly purchases.

That means that the pressure will grow against price ceilings. It means that unless we step in and put a stop to further increases, these ceilings will be endangered. It means that the cost of living

will begin to skyrocket, that demands will outrace supplies, and prices will finally outrace incomes in a dizzy upward spiral that can only end—and *will* end—in economic chaos.

It is perfectly true that price regulations forbid the grocer, the baker, the candlestick maker, and

A Good Citizen Speaks

Here is a letter from Mr. Henderson's files in the OPA. It is from the chairman of a small-town war-price board:

I gave the Board my office as headquarters. I paid the rent, furnished the furniture and supplies, paid for the light, heat, and telephone, and paid a clerk out of my personal funds for the first month. We were then authorized to hire one clerk, which was subsequently extended to three clerks. We worked days and nights trying to keep up with the work. We have developed a most efficient and hard-working staff of which we are proud. We have just been advised by the State Organization officer that our clerk help will be cut to two instead of three.

We cannot possibly handle the detail of the office on that restricted force. Our clerks work every day including Saturday and nights until 10 o'clock or later. Personally I have given more of my time than I can afford to spare from my personal business and have lost many hundreds of dollars' worth of business that I might have had if I had devoted my time to it. **THIS IS NOT A COMPLAINT**, as what I have done has been done willingly and as a patriotic service to the war effort. It has been done without any thought of reward save for the approval of my own conscience.

most of the rest of our manufacturers and distributors to charge more for what they have to sell than the highest price in March. As consumers, too, we are forbidden to pay more for the things we have to sell.

To forbid a thing does not prevent it. Americans, remembering the prohibition amendment, do not need to be reminded of that simple, human fact. Unless they develop the *will* to make price control work, it won't work.

There are going to be those, of course, who cheat—through thoughtlessness or greed. The law is plain enough and plenty tough. The OPA is not merely throwing its weight around. We have moved against violations of our regulations via the courts, not to impress our authority, but because we have found gross violations of controls designed to fight inflation and keep the cost

of living down. In a single day, investigators in one area found several hundred instances of deliberate price boosts which would take a heavy and entirely unjustifiable total from the public.

The attitude behind such practices by presumably reputable members of the business community is a dulling of the war effort and a sapping of one of our chief weapons for victory.

Don't patronize the tire and gasoline bootleggers. We'll attend to them. It isn't smart to dodge any of the regulations. They are designed to protect all of us. If they are to succeed, they must be observed in spirit as well as in fact. This is no game we're playing—*this is life and death*. There's blood on the sands of the Solomon Islands—and on the coasts of France and the Libyan desert. Sailors are dying on the Atlantic and the Pacific. Many heroic merchant seamen have died to bring you gasoline. Others are dying around the world to carry supplies to fighting forces.

We, too, must go forward on such heroic lines. We cannot do otherwise. Failure to win the battle against inflation and the high cost of living means disaster through retarding the war effort itself, in damaged civilian morale, in failure to maintain the kind of homes to which our soldiers expect to return when the war is won.

Inflation can do all these things. It can destroy homes as effectively as high explosives, and extend its menace to the peace that is to come. It can dim today and darken tomorrow.

We are fighting for a land—and a world—in which a man's honest productive effort will assure him and his family adequate food, clothing, shelter, medical care, education, and recreation.

We are fighting for a land—and a world—which tomorrow must offer freedom of enterprise, with labor free from compulsion, business and industry free from unregulated monopoly.

We are fighting for a land—and a world—of freedom for the human spirit and the human will.

These are our goals. They are the goals to which free men aspire. They are the things we can achieve.

Getting in the



TO MISTREAT a paper clip or to throw away a tomato can has suddenly become almost treasonable in a land long shamed as wasteful. War is teaching the United States a lesson in conservation well known to China, Britain, Canada, and a score of other countries.

Now comes the severest test. Before the dawn of New Year's Day 130 million Americans must heap 17 million tons of scrap metal before roaring open-hearth furnaces, or see their nightmare come true—a drop in steel output.

Rounding up that scrap, a pile as large as one which half the autos of America would form, is a job . . . but it's much to the liking of that homebound patriot John Q. Public. It gives him more to do with his restless muscles than reaching for his wallet.

This National Salvage Program is national. Mapped by the War Production Board's Conservation Division, it fits every community and industry into a giant, long-term plan for combing the country. From there on it's up to the people, and to the multitudinous groups to which they belong. That's why 30 million school children knocked on America's door in October and announced *their* scrap hunt, why 1,600 newspapers are headlining *theirs*, and so on. Individual efforts—but all part of one plan.

The key in the machine is the local "setup." As 16,000 communities already have, every town should have a General Salvage Committee and Chairman, answerable to the State WPB Salvage head. As the steering gear of a town's whole effort, that body needs all-city help.

Last month Lessing J. Rosenwald, Chief of the WPB's Conservation Division, wrote Rotary's First Vice-President J. Raymond Tiffany soliciting the continued help of U. S. Rotary Clubs in the scrap hunt. His letter found hundreds of Clubs up to their ears in it. What five of them were doing is shown in the accompanying photos.

Laconia, N.H.

A one-day burst of speed that kept 25 trucks rumbling turned the trick in Laconia. Readied by thorough publicity, the 13,000 citizens dug out 125 tons of scrap, ranging from a small screw driver to two one-ton castings, that day and have added seven tons daily since. Laconia Rotarians set up the collecting machinery with a committee headed by Rotarian Mayor R. W. Smith and Club President A. H. Vaughn, but the whole town pitched in. Laconians *donate* their scrap. Now see the photos.



Cozad, Nebr.

Not one of Cozad's 24 Rotarians could be found on Main Street on two recent days. All were out scouting scrap. In pairs they were covering a local and farm area of 150 square miles, calling at 650 farms. Result: 424,780 pounds of scrap metal rolled in by farm truck, trailer, box wagon, and child's coaster. Rotary planned, the project meshed in with other local efforts. It heaped up the pile. A valuable by-product was a closer acquaintance between townsmen and farmers. They plunged into the scrap hunt together, enjoyed it.



Ft. Kent, Me.

Weeks back, when the national scrap harvest was yet to come, a Fort Kent Rotarian popped the idea for a local drive. It swept his Club, caught on in the Chamber of Commerce, spread through town—and exploded in a one-day campaign. Stores closed. Scores of men volunteered, manned a dozen trucks. Night saw 350 tons of metallic junk sorted into gondolas—and sold. Proceeds went to charity. That done, citizens jumped to help harvest a 45-million-bushel potato crop.



Littleton, Colo.

Seventeen low-flying Civil Air Patrol planes spotted farm scrap on Littleton's countryside recently while trucks gathered it below. This was just one phase of the town's unified salvage campaign which Littleton Rotarians—with yeoman help from Elks, DeMolays, women's clubs, and others—agreed to sponsor for the duration. Every Sunday sees Rotarians break-fast together, then leap into the scrap. To spur the hunt, they have set up two teams, assigning half the local area to each. Resultant competition heaps the pile higher.

Littleton photos: Grissinger



Lewisburg, Tenn.

A barrage of newspaper publicity and loud-speaker challenges primed the 3,000 citizens of Lewisburg for a one-afternoon scrap drive. Business firms closed, lent trucks. The town was sectioned, two citizens canvassing each part. Household-ers piled their junk on the curb. A 51,080-pound haul resulted. A Rotary-Lions project, the proceeds will promote Boy Scouting and will finance a large honor roll, listing all local servicemen, to be placed on the town square. The photos show the drive beginning. Shirts did not stay white.





Photo: Moffett

Yes

—Paul H. Douglas

University of Chicago economist; Chicago alderman from 1939-42; now a corporal in the U. S. Marine Corps.

THE CASE for auditing an officeholder's income became more than an academic one for me when I first ran for public office. In the Chicago aldermanic campaign of 1939, I made a pledge to audit my income if elected. It seemed to me then, as now, that this was not only sound practice, but also good politics. In a city which is not conspicuous for its civic probity, I wanted to dramatize the fact that I considered the aldermanic office a public trust and not a plum tree.

As it turned out, my experiment created considerable interest and on several counts. First, of course, it is an innovation, and if there have been precedents outside of Guatemala, we don't know about them in Cook County. But besides the novelty, the figures themselves have served a useful purpose. Perhaps my best approach to this problem lies in this secondary and personal angle.

The audits of my aldermanic salary have shown a yearly excess of disbursements over receipts. In 1939, for instance, I was in the red \$18. In 1940, I worked the deficit

down to \$7, but in 1941 it rose to \$155. Obviously, I could not have afforded a political career had I not possessed other sources of revenue. I was still teaching at the University of Chicago and was also receiving fees from lectures and arbitration awards, as well as some royalties from previously published books. Nevertheless, my former sources of income—lecturing and arbitrating—were materially cut because of my aldermanic duties. The audit therefore showed not only that my expenses as alderman exceeded the salary, but also that my former income was reduced by holding public office.

In Chicago, the salary for a member of the City Council is \$5,000, with an additional allowance for transportation. My major and irreducible expenses I soon found were my ward office and my stenographers, assistants, etc. In addition there were inevitable dues and contributions to party organizations and events and contributions to charitable and civic institutions. In fact, the endless demands upon a public

official are enough to drive a brave man back into the shelter of private life! Even the necessary expenses are so heavy that many a once honest fellow stumbles at last into the racket just in order to survive. If higher salaries could be joined to higher standards in political life, there would of course be an actual and vast saving of public funds. My audit therefore has probably served to acquaint people with the legitimate expenses of a public official.

As I have pointed out, my experiment has been a rather solitary one. When Franklin D. Roosevelt was Governor of New York, he once declared that the income of an official under fire might become a matter of public concern. The theory on which I have acted broadens that proposition. I believe that the income of a man in public office is always a matter of public concern. But as far as I know, the tiny Central American State of Guatemala is the only place where such a policy has been tried, and there it was the strong man, Ubico, who forced a compulsory audit upon all officeholders. Of course, it is easier for a dictator than a legislative body to propose such a practice, but it seems a pity that democratic leaders do not emulate this zeal for public honesty.

ON the whole, among officeholders there seems to be a widespread allergy for my plan, and the allergy frequently is in direct ratio to the size of the official's income. There are, however, certain arguments against the audit which deserve consideration. It is sometimes claimed that a wealthy man, however worthy, would be discriminated against if his fortune were publicized. This class prejudice might, in fact, work both ways, for it might also be argued that a poor man could not long remain honest in public life. If this be true, however, the cure is certainly not lack of publicity, but

Publicity for Officeholders

The Debate-of-the-Month

ffolders' Incomes?

nth Election-Season Subject

a raise in salaries, as I have said.

On the whole, the benefits would far exceed any drawbacks. A public audit would certainly deter, if not eliminate, the grosser forms of corruption. If the searchlight of publicity played over the incomes of every official, there would be an immediate purging of the worst practices of our times. Among our public officials there are today many instances of men who have never received more than modest salaries and who yet have amassed large fortunes. Had there been a public audit, probably the city, the county, or the State or else the taxpayer, and not those officials, would have benefited by the millions involved. In the fat days of the '20s we could afford to shrug our shoulders at waste and graft. At least we thought so then. But today our war effort strains our whole economy. Waste and graft will impair our efforts. Sincere patriots should welcome any policy which would discourage those abuses.

But the intangible benefit of a universal audit might be even more important. Americans are cynical about politicians and they expect corruption from their local governments. And yet government at this local level is the one with which the average citizen has contact. It is demoralizing for him to see favoritism, waste, and graft dominating the city's business and honeycombing its schools, its welfare services, and its utilities. Democracy need not be tied up in the same parcel as corruption, but Axis agents are quick to point out when this is the fact. In many of the now conquered nations politicians had betrayed the people's confidence in democracy and weakened their will to resist the so-called "New Order." We should allow no such possibility in the United States. A primary job on the home front is to demonstrate to ourselves and to the world that democracy functions more wisely, humanely, and



Photo: Washington Daily News

Joseph Rosier—

United States Senator from West Virginia; Past Rotary District Governor; honorary member at Fairmont.

No

honestly than any other form of government.

Political honesty, therefore, is more important today than ever before from the standpoint both of thrift and of morale. We are asked at every turn to sacrifice and we must sacrifice in order to win the war. We must divert all possible funds to our war effort. Every dollar wasted in graft or padded payrolls is a dollar presented to the Axis. Thrift in local government is almost a measure of patriotism. Nothing, moreover, would lift the confidence of the people in their local governments so surely as a conviction that the high taxes which we must pay are being wisely husbanded. We won't quarrel about necessary sacrifice, but it burns a person up to feel that his hard-earned money is being squandered by politicians. As a guaranty of mere honesty, therefore, the widespread practice of the audit would be particularly useful at this time. Where the record is good, publicity would bring reassurance; in the less savory corners it would facilitate reform.

IN THIS EXCHANGE of views Mr. Douglas and I are seeking the same thing. Both of us are pleading for men of scrupulous honesty and high ability in public office. We differ only as to the means of attaining that end.

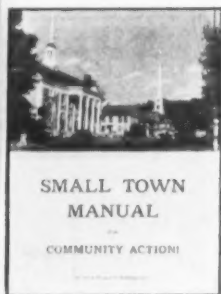
To find candidates with those virtues—and to keep them honest once they have become officeholders—Mr. Douglas proposes an audit of their incomes. A mandatory checkup of that sort would, I concede keep a few petty crooks out of government. It would also—and here Mr. Douglas and I diverge—it would also keep out of government many a man of undoubted integrity and seasoned judgment whose potential political career could be only a public boon. After all, a man may be the epitome of honesty and generosity and may yet be as sensitive as a cat whisker about his pocketbook.

Look at it this way. Robert E. Lee Smith is a small-town merchant and a leading spirit in local affairs. He's a shrewd businessman, plugs away on every good community project, has progressive ideas, [Continued on page 56]

Action at

By Karl K. Krueger

This Wisconsin town knows what it's doing—to win the war and the peace. It dug out the facts. Uncle Sam supplied the tool.



YOUNG JOHN Fromader is home from Texas with a tier of chevrons on his woolen sleeve.

"Well, Sergeant," beams a city dad, "how does the old town look to you now?"

"Looks the same as always, sir," John answers. Then, massaging a wind-burned jaw, he adds, "But doggone it, everything has changed. All my pals are gone, for one thing."

The Sergeant has said something there. On the surface, nothing in this small jewel of Wisconsin—this Fort Atkinson of his recent boyhood—has altered during his 14 months in khaki. The old Rock River still sweeps along, full and green, beneath the bridge on Main Street. The stores are busy, the high school's full . . . and the Lend-a-Hand Club ladies still meet to tat and chat at the Congregational Church. Nothing has changed—on the surface.

But underneath? The 1,200 men and girls who used to make steel barns and incubators and butter churns and nylon hose—what are they making now? War stuff—by the trainload. . . . That once-jammed downtown parking lot—it's superfluous now. Why? Tire prudence. . . . As it has for the housewife who has swapped her bridge deck for a first-aid kit, so has life changed for everyone. Fort Atkinson is at war!

But how, if appearances belie it, does it know? Listen. One day last Winter a copy of the pamphlet shown here landed in town, with Uncle Sam's compliments. It told how any American town could do two things for itself:

1. Increase its war effort.
2. Build a better business future.

It called for a fact hunt. The U. S. Department of Commerce, which had just prepared this *Small Town Manual*,* wanted "the Fort" to be the first Midwestern town to try it out. Would it?

* Free on request from U. S. Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., or its regional offices. *Know Your Community* (paper No. 635-A), an adaption of the *Manual* for Rotary Club use, is available free from Rotary International, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.



"This," said Rotarian Charles B. Rogers, one-time county judge, as he accepted chairmanship of the survey committee, "is precisely what we need, a self-made, grassroots survey."

Soon "the Judge" and the committee secretary, brisk John B. Owens, who was then Chamber of Commerce secretary, were deploying interviewers all over town and county. Businessmen called on industrialists. Women's club matrons queried every retailer. And so it went—until every possible fact, figure, and opinion about the town's war effort, history, health, commerce, and even spiritual life had been corralled. What the fact roundup revealed gave Fort Atkinson no cause for oar resting, but it did show the town exactly where it stands. And that is half the battle.

The photos show the survey in the making . . . Fort Atkinson in action.

Photos by Robert L. Barnes



MRS. OLE MOë gets the retailer's story from H. J. Neipert as she leads 40 ladies of the Federation of Women's Clubs (which she heads) in a study of shopping services.



WHO TRADES here? The *Manual* poses that question, and this squad of high-school girls and their petite teacher-boss set out to get the answer. A typical Saturday afternoon and evening show 433 parked cars; 303 registered locally or rurally; 34 other Wisconsin towns represented.



MAIN STREET, '42. A dairy center, Fort Atkinson sprung from a stockade built in 1832.



ANNING the survey, Chairman Rogers (left) consults with W. D. James (center); W. A. Foy, of the Department of Commerce, sits in. Known to every farmer for his mesway farm equipment, James is the largest local employer (now 100 percent converted"), is State Industrial Salvage Chairman, headed Rotary locally in 1940-41.



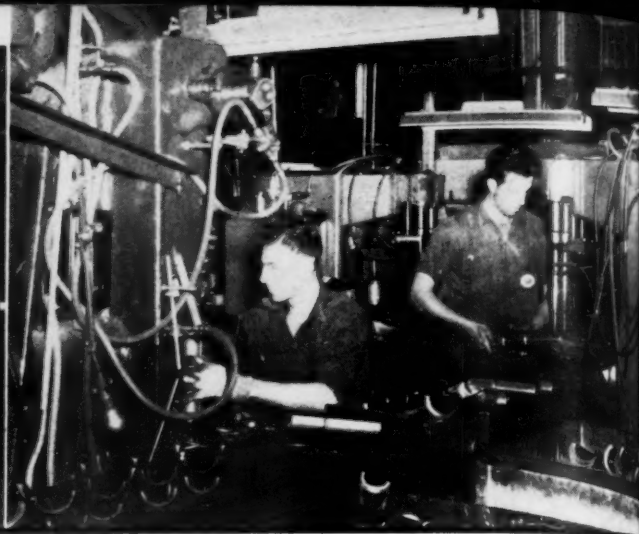
H-SCHOOL students from farm homes pitch in on the survey, too. Here Maryette zman runs down a "check sheet" with her dad and mother, noting all crops they se on their 190 acres and eliciting their opinion of Fort Atkinson markets and re services. A vacation ahead for her, Maryette mails the form back to town.



FORT ATKINSON does not forget its 375 boys in the service. This Honor Roll, placed on Main Street by civic groups, is a constant reminder. Here Private H. D. Frasier, passing through town, hears the Kohl sisters of near-by Cambridge call off names they know.

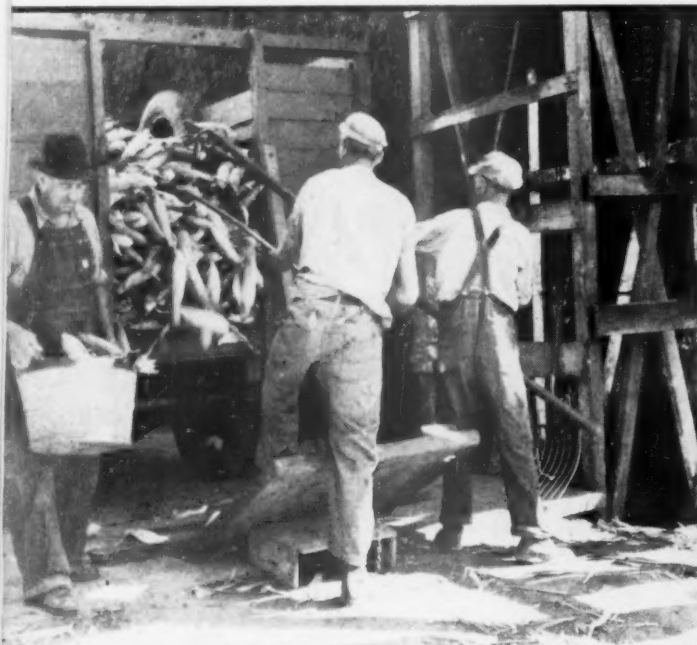


Winning the War



FIRST Fort Atkinson plant to "convert" was also the town's newest Moe Brothers. Here is its vice-president Ole Moe—President of the Rotary Club.

ANOTHER view at Moe's—which is soon to fly an "E" flag. Once a fixture factory, it was the only major industry not linked to dairies.



A LOAD of corn starts on its trip through the local canning company . . . while Mrs. E. L. White plucks tomatoes in her victory garden, one of the town's many.

SCRAP-SAVER Jimmy Vance gets a drink while Carl Litts guards waste paper they will hold until the price rises. Over the top on all drives, the town piled up 241 tons of rubber.

WITH A MAP his students made for the survey, M. H. [Name] high-school "ag. prof.," shows rural areas the school [Name].





WHAT'S this town doing about skilled hands? Training them in its Vocational school. These men are studying precision instruments under P. G. Sabin (left).



FIFTEEN weeks of this will ready pretty Jean Hummel for a war job. She is one of many girls learning machine operation at the Vocational School.

Photos: (below and left) W. D. Hoard and Sons Co.



PROPER nutrition is vital in wartime—so the Camp Fire Girls gather to study it. . . . With first-aid drill like this, local Scouts will be prepared for anything.



MOVED to Main Street from its place in a park, this howler of World War I is bound for the local scrap pile.

HOW'S civilian defense going? This photo is an answer. It shows City Manager Elmore Klement opening graduation exercises for 150 crack "CD" workers . . . and half the town is out.





Photo: W. D. Hoard and Sons Co.

A BABY clinic that checks some 30 infants monthly is the initial step in the town's health watch.

Winning the Peace

THOUGH war has closed a nylon hose mill and a store or two, Fort Atkinson is winning the home-front battle. It also has an eye on the future. A farm town (it's the home of Jones Dairy Farm Sausage and of Hoard's *Dairyman*—both famous), it is tightening its partnership with its rural neighbors. That is one thing the survey showed. It also revealed certain needs: a swimming pool, a trust-banking department, a chiropodist. Women's Club ladies add one more: restoration of the flower boxes that used to bedeck the Main Street bridge.



IN THIS locker plant 400 farm and town families keep food fresh-frozen for year-round use.



"I TURNED a churn like this as a kid in Ohio," Grandon Gates tells Museum Curator Zida Ivey. A local firm made it. Now Rotarian Gates manages Creamery Package Company—which grew out of that factory.



A CITY-WIDE effort is giving Fort Atkinson a new public hospital—but long before it's done club and church women like Mrs. John F. Black ask Superintendent Mary Callows for sewing assignments. Self-help's the word!

A SQUAD of city lads helps a hybrid-corn raiser detassel a field. . . . No problem last Spring, the farm-labor shortage is fast becoming desperate.

Photo: W. D. Hoard and Sons Co.



Saving Texas' Soil

Before

PLEASANTON, TEXAS, deserves its name. But its Rotary Club, a vigorous promoter of better rural-urban relations, began to wonder a few years ago how long that name would fit. Would it still be pleasant Pleasanton if floods continued to sweep the good topsoil of Atascosa County down the creeks and rivers? And what would the long droughts finally do to the land?

Mind you, Pleasanton and Atascosa County weren't in the pauper class, not by a long shot. Their nearly a million acres produced a long list of crops, plenty of good cattle. Farms, thereabouts, average 272 acres, with 110 in crops, 162 in pasture; 54 percent are owner operated.

Nevertheless, Pleasanton Rotarians *were* worried about that vanishing topsoil; they knew that every person in the surrounding district was paying the price. So early in 1939, as the first step, they supplied office space for the Soil Conservation Service personnel of the Atascosa River Water Facilities Project.

When, that same year, the Texas Soil Conservation Law was passed, Pleasanton Rotarians took the lead in circulating petitions for a hearing for State aid. As a result, farmers of the county and of a small portion of contiguous counties voted ten to one to establish a local conservation district.

In July, 1941, the first agreement between the district and a farmer was signed.

Meanwhile, Rotarians of Pleasanton and the farmers and merchants of near-by Poteet had been meeting for soil-conservation discussions. Said the Poteet boys, "Wouldn't Rotary be good for us, too?" So in 1940 a new Rotary Club was chartered at Poteet!

On the first anniversary of the Atascosa County Soil Conservation District, Rotarians of Pleasanton and Poteet, together with other businessmen of the towns and of the three communities in the district in which there are no Rotary Clubs, issued a 32-page booklet on the district's program and plan, compiled by the supervisors of the district.

The need of a *general* program, rather than limited local ones, is shown by the pictures on this page. The farmer (upper left) had terraced his land, but unprotected outlets produced this gully in three years. Note the thick topsoil; good rich Monteola loam. Overgrazing left this pasture (upper right) unprotected. It eroded down from the levels under the trees. It *was* all good topsoil!

But below is a birdseye view of one whole district as it looks today, a checkerboard of coordinated soil saving. Turn the page, and let's see how it is done.

All photos: (pp. 21-24) Courtesy, USDA-SCS

After



FARMERS Castillo, Zezula, Fishbeck, Netardus (Jr. and Sr.), and Pesek hear Rotarian Hauger, farm planner, explain conservation program using a soil map.



LEFT: Soil Surveyor Francis Knight explains how to take soil samples. His "pupil" is Rotarian Joe Williams, who holds a soil map of his farm, which is now under a five-year cooperative agreement with the conservation district of the county.

BELOW: Old land-wasting methods of and-down-hill farming give way to new curving pattern of conservation farming. Next year's row crops will wind around the slope in level lines, keep water and soil from sliding.



BELOW: As part of the school course, Tommy Kendrick learns how to "run" a contour line with a farm level, Teacher Matthews advising.





SEDS, even pretty flowery ones, soak up and waste much moisture. Turning them down produces better pasture stands of forage grass.



NEAR Poteet (above), the land is irrigated. Here 14-year-old Henry Shearrer, Jr., waters his father's peanut crop—a war-time "must" for valuable oil. LEFT: Vocational Agriculture students put theory to work, learning rodent control by actual practice on the farm.



BELOW: A farm garden, possible because of irrigation from the well. A windmill pumps water to a concrete storage tank of 5,600 gallons' capacity. In an average year, no irrigation means no garden.





LEFT: Mary Louise Thane, daughter of a district supervisor, with a Hereford calf.

ABOVE: The purebred Hereford cattle enjoy the cooling stream, but the running

water plays hob with an adjacent cornfield—notice the erosion and the fallen b



RIGHT: Goobers! Rotarians helped promote more peanuts this year and Rotarian L. J. Wittler (right) is examining the result on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Yeates (center) while District Chairman Temple explains that peanut oil makes soap, food, explosives, and scores of other things. BELOW: A peanut-threshing crew. The vines and leaves are ground up for hay



What! No Diet?

A warning weigh woke the writer to the fate of the fat. Eschewing every fad, he chose to chew on.

By Charles Magee Adams

IN THE last year I have lost about 30 pounds — meaning pounds of flesh, appertaining and appended to my person.

Offhand, that seems no matter of general public concern. It raises no great question of principle, such as the Federal power to regulate commerce between the States. It scarcely calls for a well-financed organization to carry the issue to the country. The fact that I lost 30 pounds seems strictly a private matter, between myself and my clothes. At any rate, I thought so, in my childish innocence, when it all began a year ago.

I had known in a vague way that I was accumulating a corporeal surplus. My waistcoat was inclined to be stubborn about buttoning, and my trousers were a bit too smoothly molded about the hips.

But overweight is like extravagance or fool driving. You can spot it a mile off in the other fellow, but never in yourself. Anyway, what with war headlines and a tight race in the National League, I had more important things on my mind that Fall.

Then the blow fell.

I had stopped at the coal and feed dealer's to order furnace fodder. On my way out I chanced to pass the scales used for weighing bags of grain. And, without reckoning the possible consequences, I stepped on.

Strangely, the scales refused to balance in the 170 bracket, where I still imagined they should. Puzzled, I went on adjusting till the revolting truth finally stood revealed: 191½ pounds.

To say I was chagrined, aston-



"I CHANCED to pass the scales. . . . Without reckoning the consequences, I stepped on."

ished, and flabbergasted is the mere husk of the fact:—191½! An all-time high!

The bitter fact had to be faced. I was not merely plump or robust. I was plain fat. With an unsteady laugh I waddled homeward. (I knew now I must waddle.)

We had one of those health books giving a table of average weights. There had been a time when I ridiculed it as statistical foolishness. Now I consulted the thing with uneasy humility.

It was even worse than I had feared. For my height and age the eminent medicos decreed not 170 or 167½ or 165, but 162.

Limply I poured myself into an armchair. When I felt equal to the effort, I lit a pipe and did some mental arithmetic: $191\frac{1}{2} - 162 = 29\frac{1}{2}$; 29½ pounds of private surplus that had to be taxed off.

How? I smoked and considered. Of course, there was exercise: "One, two, three, four, knees

straight, down to the floor." But there ought to be another way.

I dredged up half-forgotten bits of hygiene lectures. "You get fat by eating more food than you consume. Not some one food, but any kind of food."

In my mind I walked around that dour proposition. Was it sound? Did it check?

I had just ordered coal. What happened when you shovelled more coal into the furnace than was burned? I knew the answer. It choked the firebowl. How about a battery, when you put in more current than you took out? Again I knew the answer: overcharging. I ran through a dozen analogies. It was no use. If I was going to lop off this billowing protuberance on my front elevation, there was only one way.

So at dinner that night I went on reduced rations. How harmless that seems! But in the light of later events I know I ought to

explain why I committed such an unspeakable blunder.

Fundamentally, my trouble was sex. Which is to say, I am a male and therefore simple-minded. With these congenital limitations I reasoned in this way: Since I had to eat less, the way to eat less was to eat less.

I INSIST solemnly and stoutly that this is the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I was completely innocent of any wrongful or subversive intent. It never occurred to me that I was violating a tradition, a usage, a canon, more sacred than the Constitution.

Being male and simple-minded (don't lose sight of that for a moment) I merely ate less. And by "less" I mean less of everything, from soup to nuts, if and when we had them. By cutting down on the whole list I rather flattered myself that I could maintain friendly relations with all foods, yet reduce my import total—a sort of uniform protective tariff. That, and nothing else, was what I had

days grew into weeks and the weeks into months. I became a regular, if furtive, customer of the penny scales at the drugstore. And they told a heartening story: two or three pounds a month going the way of all unnecessary flesh. Still nobody noticed. Then, just as my elbows began to emerge from their pillows and I could be sure I actually had ribs, I had the first intimation that I was committing an unpardonable crime against organized society.

We were having a party, one of those casual affairs where everybody knows everybody else and so can talk freely about those not present. Blissfully ignorant of what was in store for me, I was enjoying the evening, particularly the lively talk of what the society editors call the guest of honor.

She—the "she" is most important—was a former resident of our town who had not been back for several years. I remember (how clearly pain etches every detail) she had just spiced a choice morsel with an anecdote from the past. Still chuckling, I crossed to the fireplace for my pipe.

"Turn around," she called above the lapping of much conversation.



"I REASONED in this way: Since I had to eat less, the way to eat less was to eat less."

in mind when I embarked, confidently and somewhat naïvely, on my program.

Losing weight is like gray hair or a worn spot in the living-room rug. For months your best friends won't notice. Then, of a sudden, everybody sees it.

My case was no exception. The

Unsuspecting, I did so.

She looked me up and down appraisingly. "Why, you're thinner!" she proclaimed in the same tone Columbus must have used.

I tried to look nonchalant. But the reward of self-denial was too sweet. "Yes, I guess I am," I admitted quite reluctantly.

Conversation stopped. Everybody, the women in particular, eyed me with sudden interest. "Why, yes, you *are* thinner," two or three of them said in chorus. "How. . . ."

But the guest of honor flashed them an I-got-here-first look, then turned back to me. "Have you been reducing?"

I noticed that her careless gaiety was gone and her face was lighting with expectancy. But, babe in the woods that I was, I could not read these portents. "I'm taking off the lard deliberately, if that's what you mean."

It was as if I had spoken the cue for a long-rehearsed scene. The guest of honor leaned forward, slim and taut. She fairly radiated bright expectancy. So did every other woman. They had the look of research workers awaiting the announcement of the Nobel Prize.

"What diet do you use?" my discoverer asked.

I did not answer at once. Such breathless attention from the decorative sex was too flattering. I fussed with my pipe and let the silence lengthen. "Oh, I don't use any particular diet," I said carelessly. "It's just that I eat less. That's all."

If I had admitted looting an orphans' home, sticking up the United States Mint, or committing a mass murder, things could not have changed more swiftly. Those bright feminine faces froze to blank incredulity. For a long moment they stared at me in stunned silence. Then the guest of honor fairly gasped.

"No diet? Why . . . why, surely you must." She seemed to be hoping against hope. "I mean eat some certain foods and avoid others. You do that, don't you?"

I felt like the star witness who has unwittingly spilled the beans. But, being male and simple-minded, I couldn't for the life of me imagine what was wrong with my story.

"No, I don't," I answered lamely. "I just eat everything, only less of it."

Like forbidding clouds blotting out a fair landscape, the blank incredulity vanished from the faces before me, replaced by cold disdain.

At last the guest of honor spoke.



"Why, you're thinner!" she proclaimed in the same tone that Columbus must have used."

"Of course, that is your privilege." Her voice had icy pity, like a judge pronouncing the death sentence. "But most of us find it better to use a definite diet." She flounced about toward the woman on her left. "Now for breakfast I always take the juice of . . ."

Hours later—so it seemed, at least—the truth finally penetrated my dim male consciousness. The gates of mercy were closed. I had been put beyond the pale, cast into outer darkness. For had I not openly and shamelessly admitted reducing without a diet?

That was my first and therefore severest ordeal along the way of the transgressor. Those which followed were pretty much of a piece, so I shall not trouble to recount them.

My first thought was to feign some wasting disease that might explain my loss of weight innocently. But this had its disadvantages. For instance, if I claimed anemia, I would be stuffed with liver.

So I sought refuge in silence. Now when a woman runs an interested eye over my dwindling figure and begins, "Why, you're much thinner, aren't you?" I answer, "Yes," simply that and nothing more.

But it must not be assumed that I have turned bitter or morose. Like all soul-searching experiences, my ordeal has taught me tolerance.

There was a time when I had only contempt for reducing diets. I know now they serve a great human need. As long as women must reduce only by quaffing magic concoctions and nibbling miraculous tidbits, the reducing diet is essential to their happiness.

In fact, I may market a diet of my own: a toothsome gruel made from sawmill refuse ground to pass a No. 24 screen and colored one of the fashionable shades, say "Toad Belly"; and a solution of cistern water, vinegar, and powdered resin, to be drunk at 89.2 F. while lying flat on the back.

No, I do not question the right of women to grow willowy on a reducing diet. I have only the greatest admiration for the Spartan courage it must take to swallow some of their beloved formulas.

But what I challenge and deny and dispute with every shrinking fiber of my being is their self-assumed right to dictate that men too shall slough off vulgar pounds only by means of a special reducing diet. That is not freedom, or

anything else our forefathers bled for. It is sheer, bare-faced, out-and-out tyranny.

A man's fat ought to be his own, to get rid of as he jolly well pleases. If he chooses to mince some reducing pap, that is his right. And if he chooses, as an intelligent, healthy-minded male will, to eat human food in moderation, that too is his right.

The time has come when we docile, cringing males must rise and fight for that inalienable right. We must stand together, organize.

So I suggest the N. A. O. M. W. J. E. L. I. O. R. B. D.—National Alliance of Men Who Just Eat Less Instead of Reducing by Diet. To make the organization a real force for reestablishing male rights, I propose that applicants for membership shall pass the following test:

Let each candidate enter a roomful of slender women—the slenderer, the better. Let him plant himself in their midst and declare in a loud, firm voice, "I've lost ten pounds in the last six months without going on a diet." Then, when outraged femininity choruses, as it will, "What? No diet?" require the candidate to thrust out his lean jaw and thunder, "Yeah! Do you want to make something of it?"

Any man who can do that is . . . well, on second thought, he shouldn't need an organization.

For Waistline Worriers

Can you still see your toes—without a periscope? Can you still swoop down and touch the floor without kinking your knees or collapsing? If so, skip to the next page. This is not for you. But if you belong to that world-wide fraternity of waistline worries, read on. For here are some notes on the vast body of literature that has grown up to gladden the girth grousers.

First, look up back copies of *THE ROTARIAN*. In the April, 1940, issue, Dr. C. J. Tidmarsh cautioned readers to *Eat, Drink, and Be Wary!* in an article so labelled that was as salty as it was scientific. Diet and driving have an important relationship about which Rotarians motoring during wartime should know. Paul W. Kearney told about it in April, 1939. In April, 1938, Donald A. Laird's *That Menu for Lunch* described a scientific diet study that began in a Rotary Club.

Overweight, by George W. Gray, in *Harper's* for September, 1940, and *Eat to Keep Young*, by Victor Heiser, in *Collier's* for December 28, 1940, also supply timely tips for torpid tummies.



There'll Always Be a Family

By William F. Ogburn

Professor of Sociology, University of Chicago

THE WAR IS HARD on family life. How could it be otherwise, when sons and brothers, husbands, and fathers are called into service and married women are drawn into war industries to maintain family earnings? More than the church, the school, the Government, even more than most industries, the home bears the burden of war. And women are the unsung heroes of war.

When cities are bombed, the effect on family life is terrible, as London knows and Bremen, Cologne, and other German cities know. Children are then separated from their parents and from the family circle. Psychiatrists have found that such separation is worse for them psychologically than the terror of leaping flames and bursting bombs.

But the family will survive. It will come through bloody, but unbowed. It always has. There has never been a country without families, and there has never been a war that destroyed the family.

Though it will not destroy the

family, the war will prevent millions of women from ever having a family of their own. They will be unable to marry because there will not be enough men. At the close of the War of 1914-18, in Germany, France, and England, there were 5 million more women than men of marriageable age, and spokesmen for them demanded polygamy, or else jobs. World War II also will deny to many women a husband.

The birth rate in France and Germany in the first World War was cut 50 percent and in England one-third. If this war is a long war and large armies are sent overseas, fewer babies will be born. This shortage of children will never be made up. More married couples will go through their post-war life without any children in their homes, and for a time there will be more incomplete families.

Much depends on the nature of the peace: whether we shall feel we have banished wars, or whether we shall live in the midst

of more wars and rumors of wars. If it is the latter, compulsory military training is certain for youth. Their separation from home will not, however, be more than would be the case if they went away to college. Indeed, two years in an army camp will be good for them physically, and will give them a valuable democratic experience in knowing their fellowmen from all walks of life. But it may also postpone further education, hence marriage, and hence the formation of new families. If the war is followed by a brief boom, then by economic depression, a further strain will fall on family ties. Yet adversity, though it wrecks some families, brings others closer together in a stronger spiritual unity.

It will be fashionable when peace comes to blame all changes—especially the unpleasant ones—on the war. But long before Pearl Harbor, revolutionary trends were discernible that would have made families of the 1950s quite different from those of the 1850s, war or no war. And these trends will exist after the war—unless they shall have spent themselves. Let us note a few.

One is a decline of the husband's authority. It has undoubtedly been weakening for several years. Marriage is definitely moving in the direction of a 50-50 proposition for husband and wife. Grandparents who comment that children are less obedient than for-



Illustration by William Randall

merly are right. This slackening of parental authority may, however, not be bad for the children unless carried too far, though it is often inconvenient if not embarrassing for the father and mother.

Woman's work still is never done, as the old adage has it, but less of it is being done in the home than formerly. The home was once the center of industry. It was called the homestead. The spinning wheel and the loom long ago left the home for the factory, and are being followed today by the sewing machine and the laundry tub. Even the cooking stove is taking flight in some families, and is used less in others. Restaurants are increasing in number four times as fast as families. Such changes are momentous.

One reason for industry relocating in factories is that home cellars and basements weren't large enough to house steam boilers. But not so electric gadgets. And an interesting question therefore arises: Will electricity bring back production to the home?

One new electric device will take cloth and, when a button is pressed, turn out a man's shirt. But shirt factories need not be concerned, for it would be used in a home but a few days a year and mass production still affords economies. Several electrical machines are, however, succeeding in reintroducing production to the home. One is the refrigerator.

Electricity should make the

home of the future increasingly comfortable and attractive. With the radio, a television theater, a newspaper printed in the home, with foodstuffs growing from trays of chemicals, with temperatures kept equable at all times, with the air disinfected and noises eliminated, with an icebox full of good things, and with an electric workshop, families are likely to stay at home more and on the streets less. With electricity, home has become more like a club or recreation center and less like a factory. As a result, the game of courtship has changed. Men no longer seek out girls who are famous for making cherry pies and who know how to sew, knit, spin, and weave. Rather they pick out girls who are pretty, companionable, and know how to play. Love and romance are replacing household skills as a basis of selection. Marriage used to be like forming a business partnership. In the future, it will be the main quest on the road to happiness, though young people should also have an eye for partners who will know how to train children.

Cities tend to discourage marriage—by as much as 10 or 15 percent. It follows, then, that as the country becomes more urbanized, a slightly smaller percentage of married persons will be found

there. About one in ten of the general population reaches the age of 45 without having ever married. On the other hand, modern young people are marrying younger, though most of us think the reverse is true. Probably the high wage level has much to do with this. Marriages among graduates of coeducational colleges are said to work out well, few ending in divorces. And a distinctly favorable factor is the increased use of electricity in the home. Because of it, 50 years from now there are likely to be more marriages, more home life.

Divorces, as everyone knows, have been increasing for several years. In fact, only one in 15 or 16 American marriages of the latter part of the past century ended in the divorce court; in 1942, figures indicate that one in five or six will wind up there. That does not necessarily mean, however, that there is less happiness in our day than formerly, for divorce statistics cannot be used as an index of happiness for comparative purposes any more than the number of hospitals is to be taken as an indication of the prevalence of sickness at a given time. But data on divorces are of significance for they throw light on the state of families and home life.

It is, for example, noteworthy that the interval between marriage and divorce is being shortened. Formerly it was about eight years; now it is nearer four. It is

● No. 15 in the 'A World to LIVE In' series on problems to be faced in post-war reconstruction years.

the young people, apparently, who get divorced. Another fact is of importance: The percentage of the population married is increasing, which means that the divorced remarry. An objective judgment, based on such data, is that we should look forward to a post-war society in which there will be much divorce, and much remarriage, despite the fact that case studies show each divorce is a personal tragedy and is accompanied by travail of soul.

Divorce is largely among couples without children, although there are, of course, many divorces among parents. Still the chances of divorce are 19 times as great for a couple without children as for a couple with children. This trend toward more divorces among the young married couples without children is, of course, not inevitable. It can be changed. The reverse side of the picture is that the family of middle-aged couples with children is likely to be a stable one without much separation and divorce.

That the birth rate will be adversely affected by the war has been noted. But the trend had been downward for several years, and almost all experts on population admit that, war or no war, fewer babies would be born in the next 25 years per unit of population. Already one in five married women who have reached the age of 45 and live in cities have never borne a child. Even among the farmers and the unskilled laborers, the birth rate will sag despite the probability that bonuses will be paid for babies, that government loans will be made to young couples, and that mothers of 12 children will be invited to the White House.

THERE will be more "only" children—children without brothers or sisters with whom to play. When I was a child, my mother would pay me money if I would *not* play in the streets with the children. But in New York I once lived in an apartment house where there were 60 families and only four children. Some of us got together and employed a college student afternoons to take our children in the park so they could have children to play with. My mother had paid money to

play less with children; I paid money to have my children play more.

If children associate a great deal with adults and but little with children, they imitate the habits of their elders, and acquire something of their habits of mind. They thus tend to have high intelligence quotients. Prodigies have all spent a great deal of their childhood with their parents or other adults.

Precociousness is also often associated with nervousness. Sometimes much association with parents accentuates greatly, perhaps too greatly, the effectual life of a child. Our great grandparents would have called some "only" children of today "spoiled" children. Proper association of a child with other children has remarkable therapeutic value psychologically. It is significant that there are more "oldest" sons both in *Who's Who* and on the relief rolls of the charity organization societies, as compared with other orders of birth, than are found in the general population. So the small family system of the future presents opportunities for both success and failure.

The education of babies and very little children is inconceivably important, and this fact alone makes the family our most important social institution. Indeed what the people of the future are to be, whether brave, weak, happy, nervous, reliable, untrustworthy, generous, fair, weak-willed, dull, or bright, is largely the result of what happens to them in their early years at home, in the family. We once thought these traits were due to heredity.

Launching your boy or girl into the business of life will be an important concern of the family in the future. The chances are about one in ten that a daughter will not marry, about one in four that she will work for pay, one in eight that she will *work* after she marries, and one in six that she will be divorced. So she has to be trained for both marriage and a career.

Your boy will need vocational guidance more than ever in the society of the future, for skills and occupations will be created and die within decades. A basic education will be a necessity. It

might be well to give children some guidance and instruction in family living and marriage too, for the hazards of matrimony will be great.

Now, let us take a step back from the picture sketched thus far, and get an overall view of the family of the future. Family life has three functions: procreative, economic, and personality. With the family shrinking in size, with the loss of the home's economic importance, the personality function—which deals with the happiness of mates and the personalities of their children—rises to undisputed first place in the scale of importance.

THE problems before the family of the future resolve themselves into two. The first one is to rear children with integrated personalities, capable of adjustment to the complex civilization in which they will live. Particularly is it desirable to bring up children so there will be less nervousness and more happiness. About one in 20 or 25 children will go insane at some time during their lives if conditions and trends remain as they are today.

The second great problem of the family of the future is to find more happiness in marriage for husbands and wives. Surveys made by sociologists reveal that only about 80 percent of marriages are happy. This is not enough. Universities have slighted this problem; in the future they should apply to it the same painstaking thorough research that has brought such notable results in the physical sciences. A happy married life for a small percentage of our population is said to be impossible because of the way their affections are developed as children; that condition can be corrected in time. Perhaps other discoveries of vast importance await us in the field of marital happiness.

We must work toward that end. For more than at any period of past history, it is the family institution, complemented by religion, to which individuals will look for their reward in their search for happiness and contentment. And the family remains the chief determiner of whatever character our race will possess in the future.

Glamour Bird of the Field

THE PHEASANT, like its cousins the barn-yard chicken and the more ornamental peacock, originated in the Far East. Its arrival in North America is more recent than either of its relatives.

Pheasant historians disagree as to whether it was George Washington or Benjamin Franklin's son-in-law who first imported the birds, but they agree that the variety brought *circa* 1790 was the "English ringneck," a descendant of Chinese and Mongolian pheasants. It has become practically a true variety itself.

From 1790 until the last part of the 19th Century, there were frequent importations of English ringnecks, and they began to be established in the East and Middle West. In 1880, O. N. Denny, U.S. Consul General at Shanghai, introduced some birds directly from China into Oregon, where they developed rapidly.

Today the ringneck is established throughout the Northern tiers of the United States and in Southern Canada from Atlantic to Pacific coasts. It is a hardy bird, wary of native predators, and well acclimated. Although it outnumbers any native game bird today, many States still release hundreds of incubated chicks each year. Pheasant hunting has become one of the leading sports in America. In South Dakota alone the sale of licenses in 1940 netted the State \$174,350.

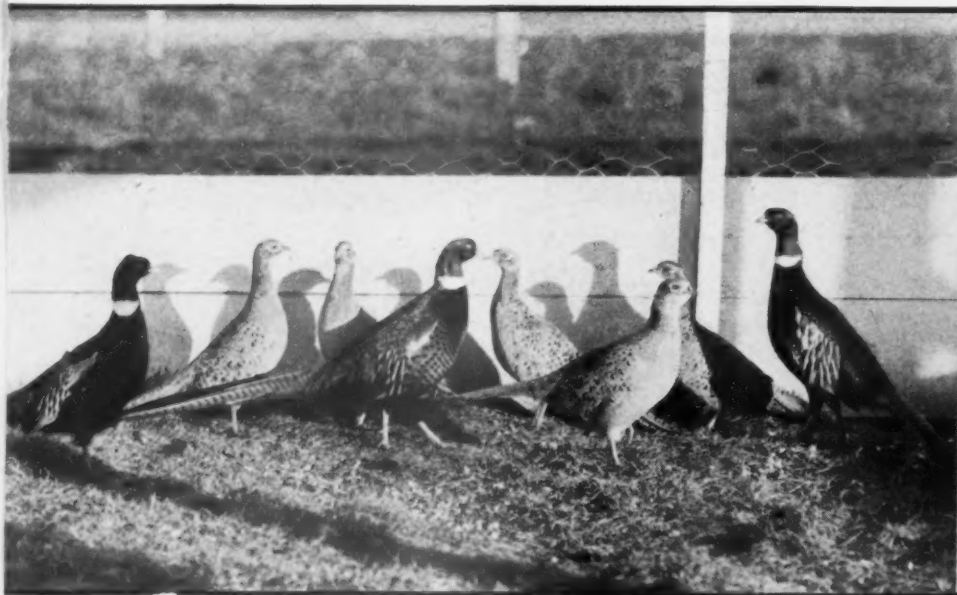


COCK BIRDS (above) parade and preen to show their feathered grandeur to the ladies—or they will match beak and spur to win their favor.

LADY PHEASANT'S dress is dull and drab (below), but her protective coloration comes in handy when she "wants to be alone" on her nest.



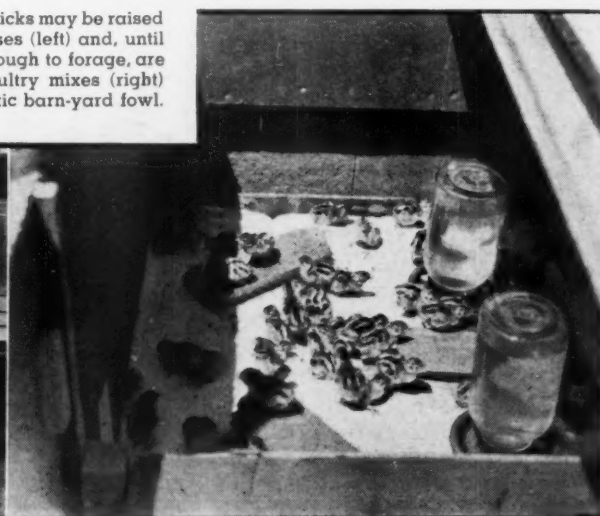
Photos: (pp. 31-33) Western Cartridge Co.; Wis. Conservation Dept.; American Wildlife Institute; Rotarian P. Beaulieu



NATURAL nests in the wilds are not the only source of pheasants. Adult pairs are held in breeding pens to supply eggs . . . which are racked in incubator trays and hatched out in the

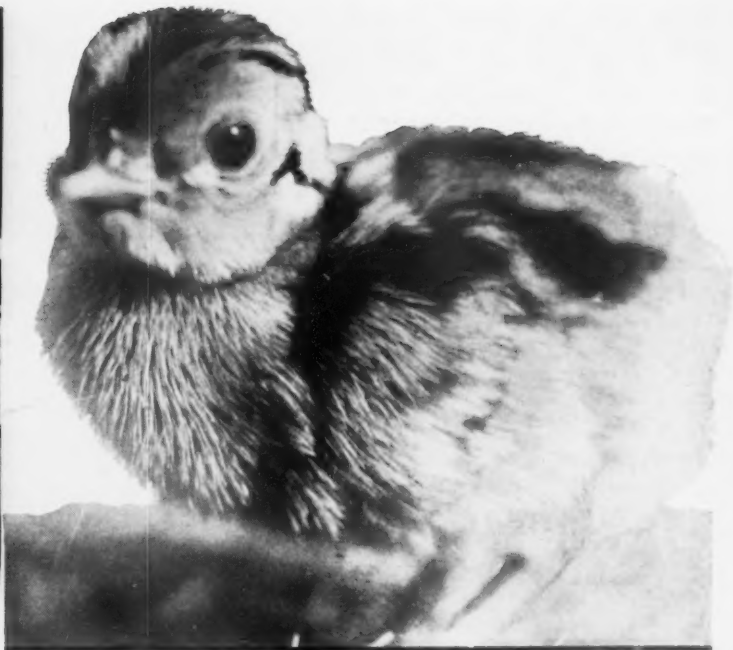


INCUBATOR chicks may be raised in brooder houses (left) and, until they are old enough to forage, are fed various poultry mixes (right) just like domestic barn-yard fowl.



NATURAL brooders are sometimes used; lacking a pheasant hen, a bantam provides warmth, and then (right) teaches the chicks to forage. Pheasants eat insects.





... out in three weeks . . . to produce chicks like this "bright-eyes."



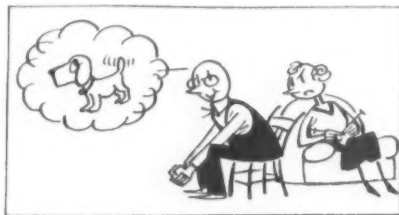
to be released. Experience shows that domestically raised birds travel farther from home coverts than do wild birds. Good cover means many birds.

DO YOU NEED a dog? If you are beset with worries, you do. A dog is the finest consolidator of worries available to modern man. Its mere presence in a nice, cozy home makes routine worrying over health, finances, domestic accord or lack thereof, appear as insignificant as dandruff to a sufferer with double pneumonia.

Is it possible to get a dog and remain in your home?

It is. But you'll have to use tact. Don't start proclaiming that dog is man's best friend; if you do, you've sown seeds for a dogless harvest. No modern male can rate his little cupcake lower than a dog and get away with it.

Don't be naïve. An "I would like to have" approach foredooms you to failure. A dog build-up must be the most subtle ever devised



Now, the way to a woman's heart is through her ears—and this is the nub of the whole build-up. It's a man's ticket to license as well as to forgiveness. Work on the little woman's sympathy.

Turn the lights down, hold her hand, and haltingly tell her the story of the ragged, barefoot boy, his love and desire for a puppy. That boy was you before you had come in contact with the better things in life (here you squeeze her hand—not too hard).

Yes, your whole childhood was made sad by lack of a puppy, but, of course, you wouldn't dream of getting one *now* unless the darling pal of your choice wanted one also. (Get the idea, men? Make her share the responsibility and like it.) Now, play on that word "puppy." Say it out loud, now, and grin boyishly as you say it: a "puppy" is a *baby* dog.

You have a fairly good reaction so far, let us say. The next step is to take your wife to visit doggy people. They'll have interesting stories, pathetic or funny. Here's one to start things off: Once a little dog was passing a fireplug



Is Your Home

by
CHARLES L. T.

just as a fireman, on a tour of inspection, turned it on. The stream therefrom struck the little dog, knocking it several feet. As it rose and shook itself, the dog took a long look at the fireplug and said, "Well, that IS news."

And so you swing into the final stage of your campaign. Casually let it happen that your Sunday drives take you by kennels. Then some day stop.

But here I interfere. A word of caution. Never let your wife see Pekingese puppies if you crave a Great Dane. She is not gifted with discretion in such matters. To her the only puppy in the world is the one in her arms. Little, roly-poly, clumsy puppies are enough to stir the maternal instinct in a traffic cop, much less your keeper. Let her touch them. Let her fondle and talk baby talk to one of them and you may as well start spreading papers over the living-room rugs and chairs.

Well, my friend, we did it—didn't we? The pup's now in your home. Keeping it there is something else. From now on you have to depend on your own nimble wits—and maybe a sudden absence from home occasioned by newly discovered business in a distant city. As a last-ditch stand, Senator Vest's *Tribute to a Dog*, recited with dramatic effects, is highly recommended.

The first night is the zero hour. It's like this: You've had your puppy all evening. You've played with it, petted it, laughed at its cute tricks, and even managed a grin at some that weren't so cute, but now it's time to go to bed.

Your puppy doesn't believe it. You pick it up, however, and place it in its sleeping box and attempt to leave it. It climbs out of its bed and follows you. You tell it to go back. It doesn't. You pick it up and take it back. It climbs out, follows you. You pick it up,

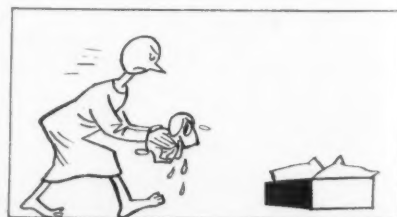
take it back. It climbs out, follows you. You pick it up, take it back. It climbs out, follows you.

Finally your wife says, "Come on in here. Turn the lights out and get to bed. It will go back to its bed and go to sleep if you'll let it."

The wife is always right. You close the bedroom door, undress, turn out the lights, and lay the body down, when, *Zowie!*, the most piteous shriek you've ever heard fills your house and overflows into those within a radius of two miles.

You leap from bed, crack your shin on the dressing-table bench, fling open the door, and—ah!, there it is, tail wagging, ready to continue the evening festivities. With full and guilty knowledge that the little woman is listening, you gently admonish it and place it back in its little bed.

Back to your own little bed you go, but only for a minute. The same piteous shriek gets you back to the door, and the same little puppy, eyes shining and tail wagging, is there to greet you. You treat it as if you'd borrowed money from it, but to no avail. You take it back then, and on



through the night. Every time it howls you feel as uncomfortable as a father at a grade-school recital. You shush it, but it doesn't shush.

You give it an old shoe, but it likes neither style nor size. You place a ticking alarm clock in its bed, but it reacts to that even as you and I. You remember reading that a puppy must not be



whipped except in obstinate cases and then only lightly with a folded newspaper. You smack it a couple of times with last night's paper and, sure enough, it gets quiet. But only long enough for you to become all set for some good shut-eye and then—Zowie!, you're off to the wars again.

During all of this your wife has remained as silent as a piano leg.

"He's just a baby dog," you offer. No answer. The pup howls.

Later. "He's lonesome." No answer. The pup howls.

Still later. "He's sure got good lungs—ha, ha!" No answer. The puppy substantiates your claim.

And yet later, very reassuringly. "He's got some sense. I know. He'll get tired soon and shut up. Then you can get some sleep." That's the one that gets an answer.

"If he has any sense," she says with the tone of a can opener at work, "he's certainly successful in concealing it." Further talk is, of course, out of the question.

Well, there is an end to everything, including night. Morning finds you completely fagged. Your puppy (he's yours by now) joyously says "Good morning" with his tail and you feel that things are picking up. When you look around at the rugs, you are sure of it. But you whistle gayly and pitch in with broom and mop. The little wife watches with compressed lips and a tapping foot.

This matter of teaching a puppy cleanliness, you assure her and him, is a small matter. Easily done by reading the puppy's mind. You know what it wants and when—and act accordingly. But until you are adept in clairvoyance, you spread papers. He carefully chooses spots not so covered. Gradually you increase the paper-covered area until it approximates the floor space of your home. Then one bright morning (by now you sleep at

night) you'll find nothing on the papers but print. Proudly you'll drag the little woman all over the place showing her the immaculate papers. For the first time in about four weeks you will see her smile.

With this accomplishment, you may now begin devoting a little time to business, if any. Aside from two or three calls a day from your wife telling that the puppy is out-of-doors and lost, or that he has had a relapse in manners, or that he has torn a hole in the rug, or her stockings, he will not bother you during working hours. Other than that your puppy will not bother you.

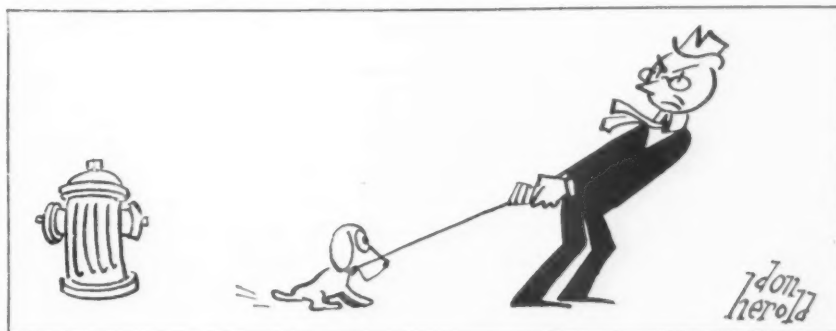
Unless you decide to train him. Training is absolutely necessary, you are told, because the manners of any family are judged by the manners of the dog it keeps. It

meat lasts, your dog is honest and you'd better make a hole in the nearest lake.

If you can teach him to heel (to walk close behind you), you were cut out to be an animal trainer, and I'd advise you to make the change now before it is too late.

Home. To go home when told is a lesson requiring more than patience. It requires that you know more than the puppy about the time to go home. To teach this lesson you should first leave home about 50 or 100 feet with the puppy at your heels. Order him home and see that he goes and remains there. Gradually increase the distance until it is possible for you to meet the gang downtown before sending the puppy home.

One of the neatest tricks pos-



is possible to fool people through your dog. You go to work.

First, leading. Put a collar on him and then take him out on a lead. If he struggles, sits down, or backs away, speak to him. Tell him your plans for him and be sure to tell him not to worry. If he is still obstinate, you may decide it is not necessary that he learn to lead.

Next, teach him to come when called. This is a relatively easy lesson and one in which your chance for success is about 50-50. If, after a few lessons, he doesn't come at your call, it is clear that he doesn't like your company. This calls for a self-analysis. If, after a few days of self-study, you fail to uncover the reason for your puppy's high-hat attitude, your only recourse is the time-honored method used by man the world over to win friends and influence customers—buy him something. Meat will be appreciated. If he doesn't stay with you while the

sible to teach your puppy is to fetch—first, a stick or a ball. Tell him, "Fetch!" He sits back and wonders why you threw it away in the first place, but don't let that make you feel foolish. Keep at it. After you have taught him to fetch the thrown object, teach him to fetch the stationary object. Soon he may be bringing you the neighbor's newspaper as well as small packages of groceries, and milk and cream.

By now, no doubt, you have taught your puppy all you know. His manners are equal to yours and your wife has become reconciled to the two of you. The game is over. You settle down into dull routine—master of your home and kennel. Your worries are consolidated—and you've got something to look up to you. If the trouble has outweighed the benefits—I'm sorry. I merely contracted to tell you how to get him in your home and life! You have to get him out on your own.

Foremen in 10 Hours!

By **Albert E. Wiggam**

Author and Lecturer

LISSEN, dumb cluck. For the ninth time, you gotta hold it like this and put it over here, and then pull it through *here!* Can't you ever learn?"

The old-line foreman walked away, shaking his head dolefully and muttering words to be found in any prayer book—though not in exactly the same order.

"That," comments Glenn Gardiner, woolen manufacturer and Rotarian of Passaic, New Jersey, "is a typical example of the old-style foreman. If the learner hasn't learned, the teacher hasn't taught!"

It may be, Gardiner admits, that the novice at the bench is to blame. After all, he may be only a schoolteacher who has left his desk to put his shoulder to the wheel of war production. On the other hand, it is quite probable that his instructor hasn't taught anything. "Hold it like that!" he orders, facing the learner, who thus sees everything backward, and has to twist it around before he can use it.

There is no doubt that the foreman knows how—he started at the bench himself, and he's done a million times or more every one of the tasks he's asking his men to do. But—can he pass his know-how to these newcomers from the fields and desks and stockrooms of America? Can he teach them as he taught apprentices in times of peace—when it

took four years to make a journeyman?

We haven't four years, or even four months, to wait. We are engaged in total war. There are millions of men around the world in sand and jungle, on the sea and in the sea and flying through the skies. We've promised them airplanes and tanks and guns by the thousands, and ships by the millions of tons, and ammunition by the numberless tons. They can't wait four years while we make 25 million or more experts out of willing, but raw, men and women.

The original defense program was scarcely under way when it became painfully apparent that one of the weapons in the American armory had been woefully overrated: the ability of workmen, and foremen in particular, to pass on their know-how to newcomers in the factories.

Industry had counted—rightly—heavily on the foreman (of both sexes)—the man or woman in overalls or slacks who knows all the answers because he or she has done everything connected with the job. These foremen—or straw bosses—have the know-how, all right. But they lacked the ability to pass it along!

Scarcely one in 25 of this strategic million key workers had the "show-'em-how" as well as the vital know-how. Less than 4 percent of them had had training in how to train others. And with every really good man or woman in the crew promoted to a foreman's job as soon as the ink on the first war contract was dry, the "show-'em-how" was just as important as the know-how!

Rotarian Glenn Gardiner, whom you have already met, walked into the picture at this point. From his office in Passaic, with its title "Assistant to the President" (of a woolen plant) lettered on it, he was sending advice to 140,000 foremen and executives in the United States and Canada every week, filled with good red meat



INDUSTRY'S corporals and sergeants now learn in 10 hours

on how to train and handle men. The 30 books he had written on foreman training included all the "classics" on the subject there are, for they were made from his own experience. He had learned a foreman's job by being a foreman—not once, but many times, in big shops and little ones, including even the General Motors plant. And he had held a job—the first one ever created—as a trainer of foremen. In 1940 he had been appointed as the New Jersey representative of the Government's Training-within-Industry Division.

There were plenty of foreman-training courses in vocational-training schools. The shortest in the best industrial plants ran six weeks, and there were many longer ones—up to 20 weeks, in fact. Six weeks, or ten, or 20, cannot be wasted when troops need planes and guns and tanks.

During the first World War, training had made great progress. Those pressures brought about simplifying and shortening of previously used training methods. Now again another war had required that training time again be cut.

There were sweat-filled days and sleepless nights before Gardiner and his associates were ready to report. They didn't stop with theories—they tried them out. They didn't take the word of the best mechanic—they tested his practical suggestions. Gardiner,

Streamlining It!

America's "strategic million," Dr. Wiggam calls industry's key foremen and supervisors under whose direction production of war materials must move forward. Six months before Pearl Harbor, less than 4 percent of them had had any training in how to train others. How Uncle Sam moved to build a streamlined job-instruction program for them is told here.—Eds.



Photo: WPA

... months under leisurely methods of peacetime.

who had been a sort of one-man training school, says it was often a revelation to him. The result was a training course streamlined down to *ten hours*. Not ten weeks or six weeks or ten days, but five two-hour periods.

The training course isn't concerned with the know-how. The foreman must have that—that's assumed. What the ten-hour course gives him is the "show-'em-how"—the ability to pass the know-how along to newcomers. And that takes four easy steps—preparation, presentation, performance, and follow-up.

Preparation is not technical—it's psychological, if you want to go high hat. It's explaining the job, explaining its importance, explaining how the learner can do it. It builds interest and self-confidence. That's step one.

For step two, present the job—tell the learner, show the learner—slowly, carefully, completely, patiently. Ask questions. Make him ask questions. Make sure he really earns.

Now comes the third step. Let the learner do it. Keep your hands off, except in an emergency, but be there to counsel, correct, inspire, encourage, and keep up his self-confidence.

The last step is the follow-up. Let the learner do it completely on his own, while you walk away, tend to something else, remove yourself from the vicinity—at least, apparently.

That's the way to teach teachers to teach so that learners will learn. It's amazingly simple, but it works. It works every time—or if it doesn't, it isn't the learners' fault. When the learners don't learn, the teacher hasn't taught!

After the successful launching of "JIT"—the Job Instructor Training program—in New Jersey, it was spread to the Training-within-Industry Division's nation-wide staff through the 22 field districts already set up. When the Labor Division, of which the Training-within-Industry Division is a part, became a part of the War Manpower Commission, "JIT" went along.

On June 19, 1941, Gardiner gathered a panel of consultants together in Trenton and presented the idea to them. Before adjourning, they pledged themselves to sell the plan to New Jersey industry. Fifteen months later, Gardiner was able to report that more than 800 companies in New Jersey have had Job Instructor Training (and a year ago it was estimated that there were only 360 companies in the State with defense contracts!). Almost 20,000 trainees have passed through the hands of the staff—and each trainee went out to become a trainer.

For the first nine months in the United States as a whole, the War Manpower Commission reported over 205,000 trainees. It is estimated that each trainee has, in turn, passed his know-how along to at least seven, and probably ten, workers in the plant. So 200,000 trainees of today—semiofficial estimates run higher—have trained from one and a half to two million workers—not in six weeks, either, but in two or three days, days when the worker is already beginning to produce.

The advantage of the system is that it doesn't take ten hours to start it paying dividends. The ten hours is to train trainers so they won't lose time.

The training is given to groups of ten or 12—not more than 12—foremen. They need not be in the same department—perhaps it's best if they are not. It's the system of teaching that counts, not what's taught. The four basic steps are presented—presented in accord with the same four steps.

Interest is aroused by explaining the need of speed in war production, the lag in teaching raw hands intricate processes.

The first two-hour period is devoted to the explanation of the four steps. Next the men are taught to break down jobs into steps and key points. The remaining eight hours is drill, drill, drill. At each session, three members of the group each put on a demonstration by teaching a job to some other member of the group. The trainer is there, but more to referee than to lecture. In short, you can teach the method in two hours, but it takes eight hours more practice to make perfect!

Gardiner has worked out some simple rules to improve the teaching. For instance, a learner should never be asked a question that can be answered with a "Yes" or a "No." Ask a learner, "Do you understand?" and he will invariably say, "Yes." But ask him, "Why is this necessary? Where should it be done? What is its purpose? When should it be done? Who should do it? How should it be done?" and you soon know what he knows—or, more important still, what he has yet to learn.

The rest of the refinements are also simple—such as making sure that the foreman and the learner speak the same language—some boys know a "mike" is a micrometer and others don't. But Gardiner insists on every foreman pasting into his mental hatband the motto: "If the learner hasn't learned, the teacher hasn't taught!"

After spending days and nights, as I have, watching the Job Instructor Training program in action, visibly seeing it improve efficiency, you can believe every word of what one executive said to me: "It has raised the work of our men to unbelievable proficiency—and immensely improved morale." In fact, I'm inclined to believe that Noah must have used that plan when he got his three sons to help him with the Ark. At all events, he finished the ship before the rains descended and the floods came.



Gardiner



Billy Phelps Speaking

THERE is no doubt in my mind that *Look to the Mountain* will immediately give its author, Le Grand Cannon, a place in the front rank of living American novelists. As this book has about 550 pages, and as I am one of the busiest men in the world, I let it remain on my table for some time; but when I finally took it up, and read the first six pages, I was captured and held bound until I had finished it. I then tried it on six other persons with exactly the same result.

This story "has everything." It is a contribution to American history, for it begins with the year 1769 (in New Hampshire) and closes in the Revolutionary War. The leading characters, who become married early in the book, the husband just escaping murder by an eyelash, are as attractive a young couple as I have met for a long time; their terrific struggle to discover and build a home in the wilderness, their remote and remarkable neighbors, exhibit the author's extraordinary powers of characterization; all these early settlers are individualized, being alike only in their powers of endurance and courage.

Although there is no attempt by the author at any form of propaganda, no American can read this book without feeling what a price his forefathers paid in order that he and his fellow Americans might inherit and enjoy a country where men and women are free. It is astonishing also that Mr. Cannon has, by a variety of incidents, made the long tale continually exciting, even thrilling; it never lags or sags. And then, to crown all, it is written with distinction; it is a work of literary art. I confidently recommend it to my readers, young and old.

Among the new murder and mystery novels, I recommend the Dodd, Mead \$1,000-prize one, *The Snake in the Grass*, by James Howard Wellard. This has a curious collection of persons who stop for a short time (but too long for one of them) at an expensive Winter resort hotel; one adventure succeeds another, and there is plenty of excitement. I also enjoyed very much *The Shivering Bough*, by Noel Burke—not his real name. This has for its list of dramatis personae people who are opposite in so-

cial standing from those in *The Snake in the Grass*, but the events are equally absorbing and two of the characters are hanged by amateur executioners. George Harmon Cox, whose gorgeous story *Assignment in Guiana* made me forget I had tonsillitis, has produced a totally different but exceedingly good mystery in *The Charred Witness*.

* * *

That distinguished man of science, Hans Zinsser, who in his autobiography, *As I Remember Him*, gave a realistic description of his own death, for he knew exactly how he was to die, left much manuscript, from which a slender volume of poems, *Spring, Summer & Autumn*, has just appeared. Not by any stretch of language can these be called great; but they are interesting, and well worth reading, because of their attitude toward Nature and human nature; they are full of emotion and salted with humor. The introductory poem by Charles P. Curtis, Jr., is admirable.

* * *

I congratulate the publishers and the public on two beautifully printed volumes, each containing more than 900 pages: *The Complete Roman Drama*; secondary title, "all the extant comedies of Plautus and Terence, and the tragedies of Seneca, in a variety of translations." Edited and with an introduction by Professor George E. Duckworth, of Princeton University. The general introduction contains 35 pages. The first play given is Plautus's *Amphitryon*, an adaptation of which was successfully given recently in New York by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Most of the tragedies of Seneca in the second volume are translated by the late Professor Frank J. Miller, who was a graduate student at Yale in my time. This work gives everyone an opportunity to read in English the entire body of Roman drama; the same gallant publishers produced recently the entire Greek drama for the benefit of English readers.

* * *

More recent comedies, those by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, have also just appeared, with an excellent introduction by Brooks Atkinson, the distinguished drama critic, and two "intimate sketches by Moss Hart and George Kaufman written about each

other." These two biographies are fully up to expectation, which means they are incomparable.

Of the six plays in the volume, Mr. Atkinson is right in saying that *Once in a Lifetime*, *You Can't Take It with You*, and *The Man Who Came to Dinner* are the best. I have seen all six, and enjoyed them all; but those three bear the test of repetition. Furthermore, my own happiness in seeing them was increased by the delight of the audience. These plays fulfilled what Dr. Johnson, in speaking of his friend Oliver Goldsmith's play *She Stoops to Conquer*, said was the purpose of comedy; they kept the audience merry. And *You Can't Take It with You* is on the high plane of comedy as distinguished from farce. All my life I shall remember my enjoyment of that play. The title of this volume is *Six Plays by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart*. Each play is printed complete.

* * *

The New Invitation to Learning, edited by Mark Van Doren, consists of dialogues over the radio about various masterpieces of literature, ancient and modern. They are not all masterpieces, because Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* is included; but most of them are. This makes the book interesting and inspiring; the reader is, as it were, listening to intelligent conversations about well-known books, and I do not see how one can help feeling a strong impulse to read or reread the works in question. Thirty-two books are discussed in this volume, beginning with the *Bible*, and running on through European, English, and American literature. The editor called in different persons to take part in the discussions—for Nietzsche, Mr. Van Doren called in Henry Hazlitt and Dorothy Thompson; for Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Colonel Ralph H. Isham and Joseph Wood Krutch; for *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, Rex Stout, Elmer Davis, and Jacques Barzun; for *Don Quixote* (this immortal work I have never been able to read through), John Peale Bishop and Jacques Barzun. These admirable discussions may also improve the art of conversation, which has needed improving ever since Adam and Eve were wondering what name to give to a hitherto unseen animal. One

of the innumerable evils of national prohibition in the United States was its disastrous effect on the art of conversation; Robert Herrick and I were talking about it one day and we agreed that we did not care who drank and how much, if they would only stop talking about it.

* * *

Concerning the Fourth Estate is an interesting new book by Rotarian John E. Drewry, dean of the School of Journalism, University of Georgia, with an introduction by Walter C. Johnson, secretary-manager of the Southern Newspaper Publishers Association. Two quotations face the title-page: Carlyle ascribing to Burke the statement "Three Estates in Parliament; but, in the Reporters' Gallery . . . a Fourth Estate more important far than they all," and from Macaulay, "The gallery in which reporters sit has become a fourth estate of the realm." Now the *Oxford Dictionary* says it cannot find any confirmation of Burke ever having said that; but one who was present said that in Parliament either in 1823 or 1824 he heard Lord Brougham call the press the Fourth Estate and the phrase was regarded as originating at that moment. Its origin is well to know, if it can be accurately discovered; but everyone now understands what the phrase means.

Anyhow, this new book by Dean Drewry is important and of great contemporary interest. Various chapters discuss "Some Misconceptions about Journalism," "What's Wrong with the Editorial Page?," "Journalism As Education," "American Magazines Today," "What Is News?," and there follows a good reading list of important books on journalism. For all young men or women thinking of a career in newspaper or magazine work, I recommend this book.

* * *

In the Rotary radio speech I made in

Photo: Courtesy, CBS



MARK VAN DOREN, editor of *The New Invitation to Learning*, a compilation of radio dialogues about masterpieces of literature.

Montreal, Quebec, in July, I praised highly the new and very inexpensive *Anthology of Canadian Poetry*, edited by Ralph Gustafson, himself a Canadian poet; in September I received the following letter from him:

"I must thank you most sincerely for the invaluable support which you have extended to Canadian poetry and Canada's poets. I have received word of your talk to the Montreal Rotary and various clippings from the Montreal press. This and the fact that your words received nation-wide broadcasting has stimulated interest in my anthology of Canadian poetry from coast to coast. . . .

"My publisher in Toronto writes me that, instead of contemplating a second edition of the book perhaps for this Fall, he has put under way an immediate second edition—so great was the response. This means that the first edition of 15,000 has sold at the rate of 500 a day. It is truly startling for Canadian poetry to receive such interest. . . . The book is awakening Canada to her own poets—and for this your words, in no small measure, are responsible. . . ."

In 1940 Mr. Gustafson published a slender volume of original poems, reprinted from *The Sevanee Review*.*

* * *

An entertaining autobiography is called *A Story-Teller Tells the Truth* and is by the novelist Berta Ruck, wife of the novelist Oliver Onions, who wrote that magnificent ghost story *The Beckoning Fair One*, which has twice been reprinted in America this year, in two new anthologies, *They Walk Again* and *The Midnight Reader*. In Berta Ruck's autobiography we meet intimately many of the best-known contemporary British writers. She and her husband live in Wales, and when they visit London, Oxford, Cambridge, etc., they say, "We are going to England."

* * *

I was just two years out of Yale when in 1889 Uncle Sam opened for settlement a strip of Indian Territory which has become part of what we now know as Oklahoma. Recalling the stories I have heard and read of the exciting rush of homesteaders to that wild country, I rub my eyes whenever I see one of the sleek, civilized, even erudite volumes issued by the University of Oklahoma Press. *Forward to the Land*, which is on its 1942 list, adds to my amazement. In it Elmer T. Peterson, a Rotarian and an editorial writer at Oklahoma City, gives a lucid analysis of agriculture's problems and convincingly dif-

* "Billy" Phelps has been an ardent admirer of Canadian poetry for many years (see comment page 42, *THE ROTARIAN* for October, 1940, on Louise Haskins, now living in Canada, whose verse was quoted by King George VI in an address to the people of all the British Commonwealths on Christmas Day, 1939).—Eds.

fers with those who think America's land frontier is gone. It has changed, of course, but it still offers a challenge as stirring as the one fringed by the war bonnets of hostile redskins. I especially commend the author's call for action against the nation's "frontier of ugliness" and for invasion of mistreated soil with methods and devices to restore it to usefulness.

* * *

Another book issued by a university press is *Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, by Dr. Loring Benson Priest, on the history staff at Rutgers. It too deals with the West, more precisely the United States' Indian policy from 1865, when Civil War veterans acted on Greeley's advice, up to 1887. It is a scholarly volume, but I warn you that you will squirm if you think that the United States has always respected its pledged word.

* * *

And here is a volume filled with excellent specimens of the art of journalism, written by one of the best newspapermen in America. It is called *American Reveille, the United States at War*, by Ward Morehouse. For some years Mr. Morehouse has been writing special articles for the *New York Sun*, visiting all corners of the U.S.A. Recently he was sent by the same newspaper to travel across the ocean with the largest convoy of American troops ever to make the journey at any one time.

His daily reports sent by cable are among the most interesting that I have ever read. In this new book Mr. Morehouse assembles his reports from Miami Beach to Seattle and from Boston to San Diego. He knows the U.S.A. in its biggest and in its smallest towns and in places where there are no towns at all. He knows the life in night clubs and in church socials; and he knows how to write about these things so that we see what he sees. He is always entertain-

Photo: Courtesy, A. Burton Street



LE GRAND CANNON, whose work *Look to the Mountain* will give him "a place in the front rank of living American novelists."

ing, but I think it may also be truly said that he is a great teacher. I wish people from other lands would read him.

If you want to see an ultrasophisticated novel, describing some of the genuine upper crust, whose members live lives of active uselessness, whose capacity for drink is greater than that of guttersnipes, whose language is worse than that of lumberjacks, read Wood Kahler's new story, *Giant Dwarf*; it is astonishing how well he can write about such worthless material. He has an excellent command of style. Nothing shocks me, but I wish he had cancelled pages 17 and 18. And does he really expect us to like the heroine Tamara? I am myself not well acquainted with night clubs, for the few times that I have seen them they have bored me horribly. I think they are more tiresome than the Ladies' Aid Society of the village church in Podunk.

While I was writing these last few lines I received a letter from my brother in California, the Rev. Dr. Arthur S. Phelps, who is a little older than I am. His letter contains a sentence that seems to me not only worth quoting, but valuable especially for people who are no longer young: "Memory gives age a great advantage over youth. It turns tragedies into comedies—gives us a sort of Second Front. We can't pick out what we're going to get in the future, but we can bring up what we like out of the past."

A little book not particularly well written, but full of interesting information, much of which was quite new to me, is *What You Don't Know about George Washington*, by George Morgan Knight, Jr., and Richard Harwood-Steadman, with a foreword by Senator Harry F. Byrd, of Virginia. The book is copiously illustrated. Among other matters of which I was ignorant, I did not know that Washington had a middle name. The whole book is interesting reading and the quotations from Washington's letters and other papers will surprise some readers. The bibliography fills 45 pages; there are notes and an index. This is a good book to "have around" in the house. No examination of Washington's life and character can ever injure him. He did not have the inventive genius of Franklin, the scholarship of Jefferson, the financial genius of Hamilton; but when these three men looked at Washington, they looked up.

A very important new book at a very cheap price is *The Atlantic Charter and Africa from an American Standpoint*. It has a supplement, "Events in Africa History, by Dr. Edwin W. Smith"; this describes more than 350 important



RESURRECTION

I did from loneliness implacable
From darkness black as slate arise—
The dread dream done. . . .
Hope was glaring in my eyes.
The morning sun.
Sky and earth were in the dawn
disguised
As gladness come.

—RICHARD BRAZIL

events from 4241 B.C. to A.D. 1942. The "Committee on Africa, the War, and Peace Aims" has made this study, based on careful reports from every point of Africa and from all the nations involved. Some of the chapters are "Africa and the United States," "The 'Roosevelt-Churchill Eight Points' and Their Application to Africa," "Basic Rights and Social Essentials for African Welfare." During this war, even as hitherto tiny points in distant oceans and far-away countries have suddenly become interesting, so the vast Continent of Africa has by the war taken on an importance hitherto unknown. Thus this book with its maps and chapters written by experts should interest every American. The man who is chiefly responsible for the book and who has done a large share in the writing of it is the Rev. Dr. Anson Phelps Stokes, and we congratulate him.

Rotarian Eugene Klein, of Philadelphia, who has made a specialty of collecting the stamps of the mail-carrying steamers on America's inland and coastal waters, and whose extremely valuable work, *United States Waterway Packetmarks*, was published a short time ago, has now, I am glad to say, issued a slender pamphlet, *United States Waterway Packetmarks Supplement, 1818-1899*, 38 pages, with 202 illustrations, limited to 500 numbered copies. As these two books are an important and entertaining contribution to American history, I suggest that any who may like to own one or both write to Eugene Klein, 212 S. 13th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

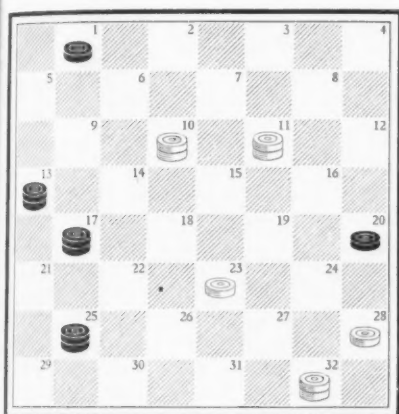
Some years ago I read P. G. Wodehouse's sidesplitting novel, *Leave It to Psmith*. I wondered if I read it again, would it seem as funny as when it came out? It is.

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:
Look to the Mountain, Le Grand Cannon (Holt, \$2.75).—*The Snake in the Grass*, James Howard Wellard (Dodd, Mead, \$2).—*The Shivering Bough*, Noel Burke (Dutton, \$2).—*The Charred Witness*, George Harmon Coxe (Knopf, \$2).—*Spring, Summer & Autumn*, Hans Zinsser (Knopf, \$2).—*The Complete Roman Drama*, George E. Duckworth, editor (Random House, \$8).—*Sir Plays*, George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart (Random House, \$2.75).—*The New Invitation to Learning*, Mark Van Doren, editor (Random House, \$3).—*A Story-Teller Tells the Truth*, Bertha Ruck (Hutchinson, [London], 8 shillings).—*Concerning the Fourth Estate*, John E. Drewry (University of Georgia Press, \$2).—*American Reveille, the United States at War*, Ward Morehouse (Putnam, \$2.50).—*Giant Dwarf*, Wood Kahler (Liveright, \$2.50).—*What You Don't Know about George Washington*, George Morgan Knight, Jr., and Richard Harwood-Steadman (American Good Government Society, Washington, D. C., \$2).—*The Atlantic Charter and Africa from an American Standpoint* (Africa Bureau, 156 5th Ave., New York, N. Y., \$1).—*United States Waterway Packetmarks Supplement, 1818-1899*, Eugene Klein (Stowell Printing Company, Federalburg, Md., \$2).—*Leave It to Psmith*, P. G. Wodehouse (Doubleday, Doran, \$2).—*Forward to the Land*, Elmer T. Peterson (University of Oklahoma Press, \$2.75).—*Uncle Sam's Stepchildren*, Loren Benson (Priest (Rutgers University Press, \$3.75).—*Anthology of Canadian Poetry*, compiled by Ralph Gustafson (Penguin Books, Ltd., 25c).



HAVE YOU "crossboard ability"? That's all it takes to be an expert checker player. It is merely another name for ability to select the strongest moves well in advance—to think all the way across the board.

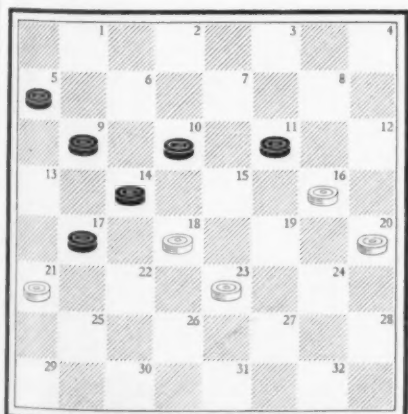
Experience will teach you this, but it is a long and sometimes dreary teacher. Here are five fundamental checker-playing principles that will give you a hand-up on the road to proficiency and take quite a few kinks out of your game.



I. The Sacrifice Shot

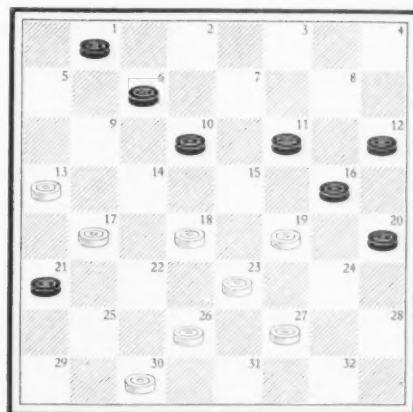
If you had the White checkers in this setup (which has both sides even, each with three kings and two single men), what move would you make? The obvious play would be to move the White king from 11 to 7 to set a trap for opponent by playing 10 to 6 on the next move. But this is a trap easily avoided and turned to an advantage by Black.

The setup is perfect for a clever series of sacrifices that will win the game by a lightning thrust. Can you figure it out?



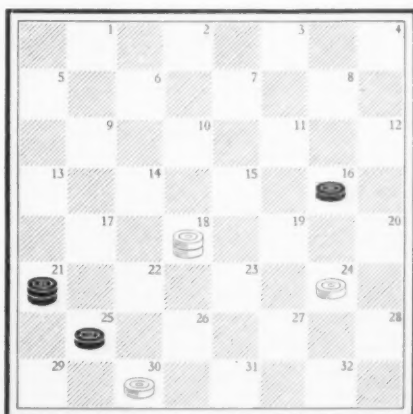
II. The Waiting Play

It is Black's play. The most inviting move will not win—but there is *one* move that will! Can you work out the winning opening move?



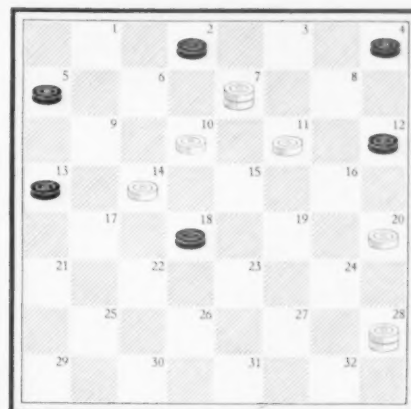
III. The End Pass

White, apparently, is in difficulties. It is his move. If he plays 18-14, Black replies 11-15. However, there is an unexpected play by which White can turn the tables—and it is a position often met in checkers. Can you locate the "end pass" that means a "touchdown" for White, by "reversing the field"?



IV. The Forcing Combination

Forcing moves should be part of your stock in trade. White's move, and he can make every play force Black into an escape-proof trap. Yet one weak move will permit Black to escape. If you know that more than nine moves are unnecessary, can you work out a winning sequence for White?



V. The Double-Barrel Stroke

Again it's White's move, and the few correct plays will win the game in a very few moves. Can you work out the right ones?

Don't peek now, but after you have worked out the problems on your board, keeping a record of the moves, look at these solutions, and see how you rate.

Solutions

- I. 28-24, 20-27, 10-6, 1-10, 11-15, 10-26, 32-14. White wins.
- II. 11-15, 18-11, 10-15, 16-12, 17-22, 11-7, 14-17, 21-14, 9-27. Black wins.
- III. 27-24, 20-27, 18-15, 11-18, 23-7, 16-23, 26-19, 1-5, 7-2, 5-9, 19-15, 27-31, 2-7, 31-27, 7-11, 27-24, 15-10, 6-15, 11-18. White wins.
- IV. 18-23, 16-20, 23-27, 25-29, 30-26, 29-25, 26-22, 25-18, 27-32, 20-27. White wins.
- V. 20-16, 12-19, 10-6, 2-9, 11-8, 4-11, 7-23, 18-27, 28-32, 9-18, 32-14. White wins.

(White moves in italics.)

Here's a problem to work out with your new knowledge. White to move and win. For the solution, see *Stripped Gears*, page 63.

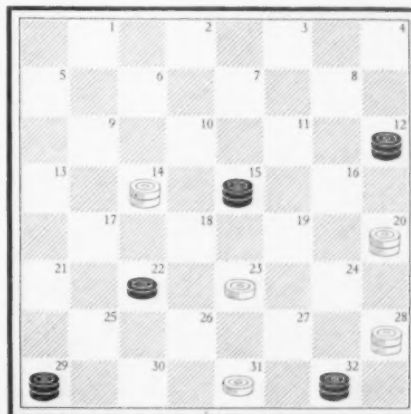


Photo: NYA



A Job for Jerry

By C. A. Weber

Superintendent of Schools, Galva, Ill.; Rotarian

JERRY is a senior in high school in your town. Geraldine is his classmate. Neither plans to go to college, so this is their last year of formal education. What do they expect school to have given them when they graduate?

The chances are one in three that they expect to have learned either how to make a living or how to set about getting a job. The chances are one in seven that they expect to know how to be good citizens—which implies knowing how to make a living, and more.

I can certify to the accuracy of these figures because, thanks to my Rotary friends and neighbors of Rotary's 147th District (northern Illinois), I have had

the opportunity to get them direct from the boys and girls themselves.

You can take these figures as fitting your own town, because they came from a little town of 3,000 population, a middle-sized city of 60,000, and a metropolis of 4 million. The proportion was practically unchanged in each.

The chances are very high that Jerry and Geraldine are going to be disappointed. Francis L. Bacon, superintendent of the Evanston (Illinois) Township High School, told the 1940 Assembly of Rotary's 147th District that although 75 percent of our high-school graduates never go to college, the courses of study in practically all the

schools are based on college-entrance requirements. That means that while Jerry and Geraldine will have the education that will help them get more schooling, it won't help them get or keep a job!

The Presidents and Secretaries of the Rotary Clubs of the District discussed the matter, and the opinion was evident that some form of *work-experience* would be good, particularly if it could be under school authority, would give credit toward graduation, and help the student to find work after graduation. Accordingly, the District Governor appointed a Committee on Work-Study, composed of three school superintendents, two manufacturers, and two pro-

professional men, one of them also a retailer.

My own Rotary Club is not in the 147th District—it's just over the border—but it used to be in it. Furthermore, I was on leave of absence and in residence at Northwestern University, in Evanston, just at this time, and my projected research included a study of this work-experience problem. Therefore, learning of this Committee, I was very happy to be invited to attend its next meeting.

The Committee decided to do some field work. To finance this the Chicago Rotary Club's Youth Service Committee made a grant of funds. I was honored and greatly pleased to be asked to undertake the research work as outlined by the Committee.

That was two years ago. The Committee has been perpetuated by succeeding District Assemblies and Conferences, and I have stayed with them, correlating data and helping with plans.

THE first year we studied every existing avenue of securing work-experience for high-school students. This meant everywhere—not only in the 147th District. From this material we derived a plan in which Rotary Clubs and Rotarians could help to give this needed work-experience.

The plan submitted to the District called for a committee of Rotarians to meet with school authorities and work out details under which school credit would be given for work in stores, shops, offices, and the like, two hours per day five days a week constituting one school credit. Labor organizations were to be invited to act on the committee, so that there need be no friction. Because of labor laws, students under 16—in some industries, 18—were excluded.

Whether or not wages were to be paid was left to the individual committees. Of the three cities and towns which completed full arrangements, some paid wages, others decided that the experience under "preferred" conditions was enough recompense. Apparently, it makes little difference to the pupil whether or not he or she is paid in cash, judging from the reports.

In the year for which complete figures are at hand, 69 pupils were enrolled for this work-experience, each taking part under a signed agreement, in which pupil, parent, school, and Rotarian employer agreed on the terms.

Here is a bitter pill for Rotarians: Of these 69 pupils—42 boys (average age 17.5 years) and 27 girls (average age 17.2 years)—more than three-fourths had never heard of Rotary before this work-experience course was inaugurated. You may be sure they know a lot about Rotary now! But these 69 boys and girls were really average students in every way. We tested that out.

For instance, sports were the highest interest of 16 percent, aviation of 10 percent; music, art, Scouting, and new books follow in decreasing values, and engineering, chemistry, designing, dramatics, travel, church, and many others trail. In their spare time, 28 percent of them participate in sports, 21 percent read, 12 percent prefer to dance or roller skate. Radio programs, music, sewing and knitting, movies, bridge, and hobbies follow. So you see Jerry and Geraldine are pretty average kids.

Although they haven't heard much about Rotary, their longings are very similar to those felt by Rotarians. Stripped of their protective words, the principal pleasure they derived from school, reported 47.6 percent of them, came from *fellowship*. This is exactly in line with the results obtained among Rotarians as reported in *What Makes Rotary 'Tick'* in the June ROTARIAN, and the similarity made me rub my eyes. The greatest single group was particularly revealing. Nearly 20 percent said they liked the "democratic atmosphere of high school."

No less revealing of the same feeling was the list of things these 69 pupils in three different cities disliked about school—more than 20 percent disliked the lack of teacher-pupil understanding, while approximately 15 percent felt lack of status and recognition was the greatest drawback and an equal number resented lack of opportunity to take part in social activities. The fourth group in size, again 15 percent of the total, felt the system of grading was unfair. This is the first purely scholastic lack reported—the others (totalling nearly 50 percent) being fellowship lacks!

The work these 69 youths did is available anywhere. About one-fourth of them worked as sales persons in retail stores; about one-fifth worked serving food in either restaurants or soda fountains. Almost as many, divided as to sex, worked in shops—"bench work"—or as stenographers in offices. The rest, in small groups, worked in repair shops, bakeries, banks, telegraph offices, and professional offices.

In order to find out if the project was worth while, we kept constant check, particularly before and after, with the pupil, the school, the parents, and the employer. The employers, in every case, are Rotarians. We found that the employers reported:

Very valuable experiment.....	78.4%
Some value	7.8%
Doubtful value	4.0%
Waste of effort.....	2.0%
No answer	7.8%

But every one, even those who called it a waste of effort, reported it was worth while to have tried! That the student had changed in the year's work was believed by 90 percent of the employers; 6 percent didn't see any change

and the rest, or 4 percent, didn't answer.

Parents were just as positive as to the benefits. They reported:

Valuable	89.2%
No value	4.3%
Doubtful	6.5%

But 93.5 percent thought Rotary had rendered a real service by providing this opportunity.

The pupils themselves were hardly less enthusiastic. They voted:

Very valuable	67.2%
Valuable	29.7%
Doubtful	3.1%
No value	0.0%

Why was it valuable? Pupils and teachers agreed pretty well on one thing: that grades usually remained the same; that where they changed, there were more that went up than went down. The reports from the teachers and pupils varied hardly at all.

However, more than half of the teachers thought that the pupil's general attitude toward school improved, more than half of those who reported thought that personal behavior of pupils improved, and more than 60 percent thought that the development of personality of the pupil improved.

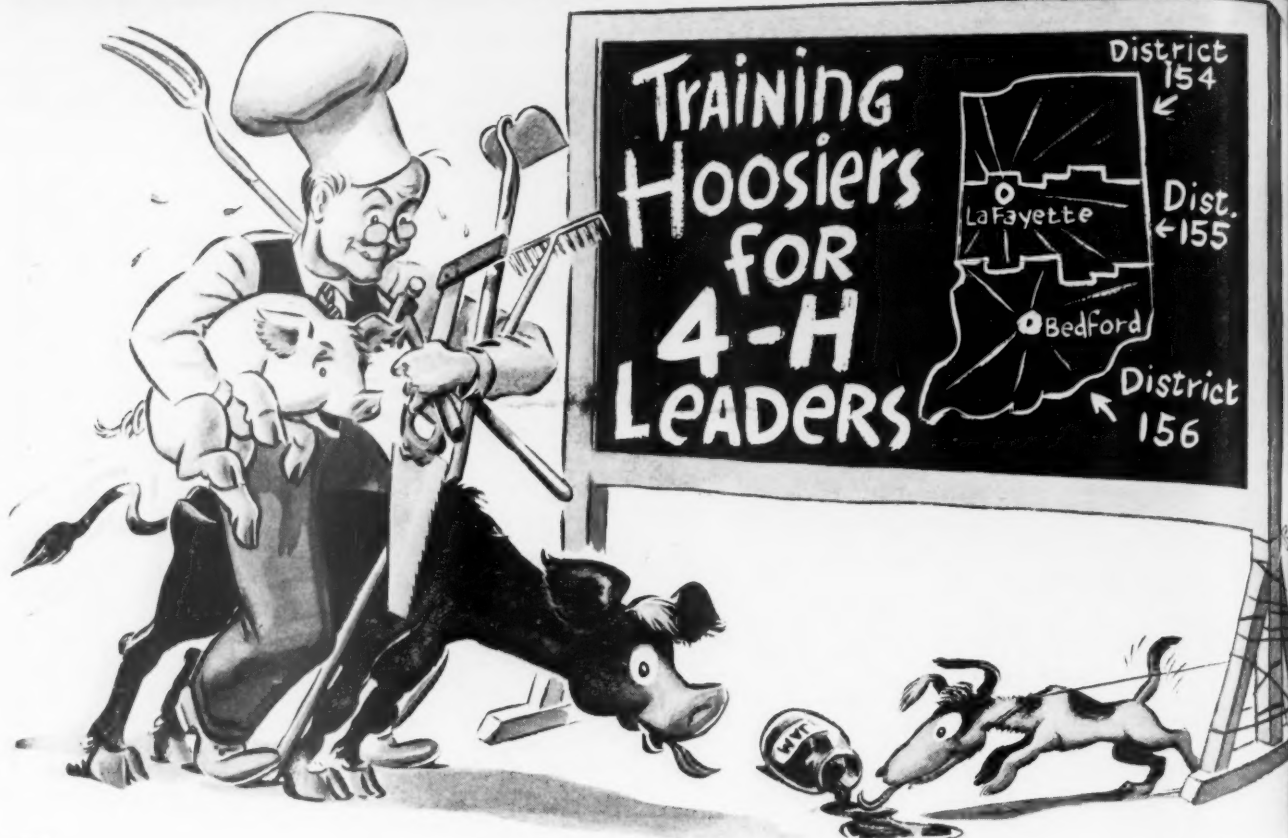
Several of the pupils reported that they had learned that the task they tried—of their own choice—was not what they wanted for a lifework. "It has convinced me that I do not want to be a waitress," wrote one girl. "It has spurred me to do better work in school so I can go on after graduating and prepare myself for a more skilled position." And a boy wrote, "It has taught me that I want to be anything except a clerk."

On the other hand, the work-experience confirmed several of the pupils in their choices. "It has helped me decide what to do—I want to be a machinist," wrote one boy. "I had a feeling that I wanted to teach and after a semester of apprenticeship I am sure of it," reported a girl. "I have discovered that the study of law is my immediate desire," a boy answered.

JERRY and Geraldine—in any town—need the help of Rotary Clubs and Rotarians in getting what they need and want most of all from high school—a start in life, a job. The 147th District has shown how Rotary Clubs and Rotarians can give them this helping hand.

Perhaps the best commentary on the program lies in a letter received from a parent:

"There are many boys who feel that they are misfits. This Rotary project has snapped our boy out of this state by putting him on a job which he could do and thereby placing him squarely on his feet. . . . When this happened, we had a new and different boy. . . . We had never heard of Rotary before, but now we watch for all the Rotary news and we're surprised at how much we find."



TAKE this straw hat and rake," ordered the Boss, "and sleuth 'down home in Indiana'—they've got a Rotary-sponsored 4-H Club project there."

So with Scoopy disguised as a Percheron colt, I took off for Lafayette and Bedford, where I found two parts of a State-wide 4-H Club adult-leader training program. The "four H's," I learned, are head, heart, hands, and health; and the 4-H Clubs are groups of rural and small-town youth, 10 to 21, who put the four H's to work.

Indiana has 50,000 boys and girls in 4-H Clubs, with 5,000 unpaid leaders guiding them. Most of these leaders are "junior leaders," 16 to 21 years old, and they have long had a training

course. But for adult leaders, there was no organized program.

"What can be done about it?" asked the 71 Rotary Clubs of Indiana, which are divided into three Rotary Districts—the 154th, 155th, and 156th.

"We can aid with a State-wide program," answered the State 4-H Club staff. So the three Districts decided to join in sponsoring a State-wide training course.

In 1940 and again in 1941, there were three training conferences. The 154th District met at Warsaw, Indiana; the 155th District at Indianapolis; the 156th District at Bedford.

In 1942 the two northern Districts combined and trained 115 adult leaders at Lafayette; the 156th District trained 63 at Bedford again.

How do Rotary Clubs help? Each Club coöperates by paying the expenses of adult leaders from its county—a cost limited to \$5 per leader. In counties where there are no Rotary Clubs, any organization can send leaders, and some pay their own expenses.

What do the leaders learn? They

learn how to lead group singing—which 4-H Clubs, like Rotary Clubs, consider important. They learn group games. But most of all, they learn something of 4-H Club records and rules, and techniques of the five home-economics and more than 20 agricultural projects which 4-H Clubbers can undertake.

Who are these adult leaders and where do they come from? Well, most of them are women—about 60 percent of them. Most of the women are married and have children, and about half of them have children in 4-H Clubs. Most of the men are unmarried. And nearly 90 percent of both were reared on farms—are farmers or homemakers.

Scoopy and I had a great time at the meetings. We sat in on the general sessions, and sang and played games at the parties. We learned how to make dresses and take stains out of tablecloths in home-economics sessions with the ladies, and how to select seed corn and build pig hovers in the agricultural sections with the men.

"Some of these adult leaders are completing ten years of service," Rotarian E. C. Bird, State chairman for the 71 Indiana Rotary Clubs, told me. "Most of them, however, are just beginning."

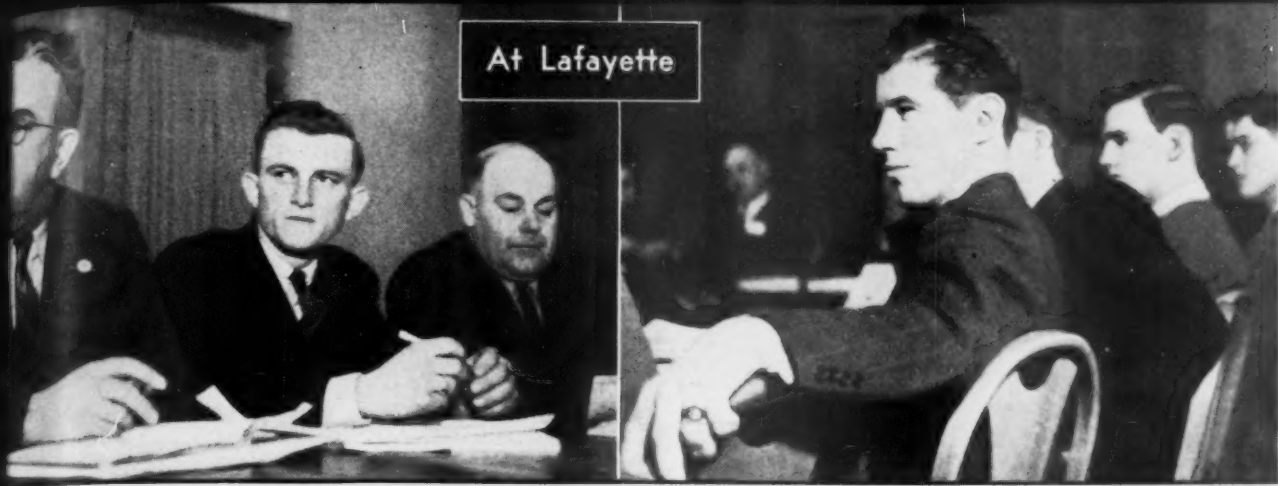
And W. R. Amick, who with Miss Edna Troth, F. L. McReynolds, and A. P. Stewart, musical director of Purdue University, came from State 4-H Club headquarters, said: "Tell Rotarians that this is a service to service. The Indiana Rotary Clubs are training adult leaders to be of more service to the 50,000 Hoosier 4-H boys and girls!"

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

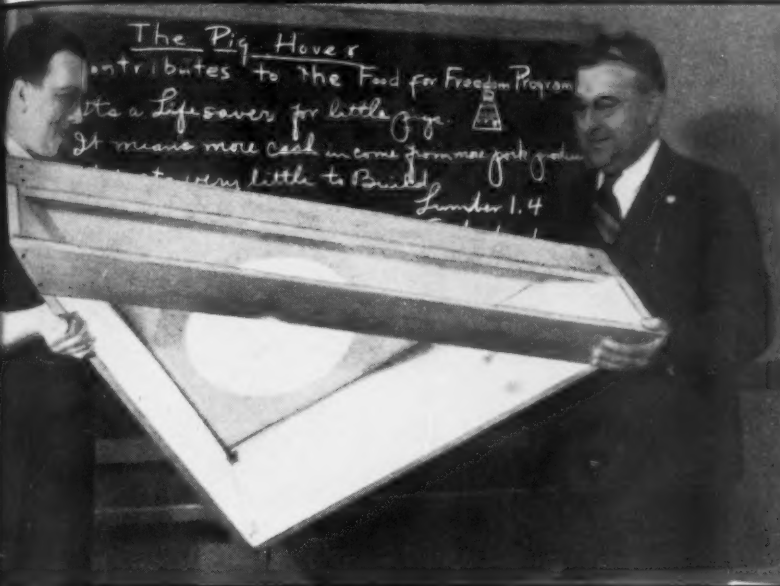


LAWRENCE
County Agricultural
Agent J.
Armstrong views
a demonstration.

At Lafayette



and women met in separate groups for discussions of home and farm projects. The demonstrations by 4-H boys and girls held full attention.



BOYS who take up pig-raising projects need pig hovers to protect litters. How to make an expensive and serviceable one is demonstrated by a 4-H boy now turned adult leader.

4-H GIRLS learn how to dress themselves well and inexpensively—and the demonstrator shows how.

"LE-AND SING!" 4-H Clubbers sing, just like Rotarians—or better! And Albert P. Hart, director of music at Purdue University, teaches the leaders how to lead songs.

"TAKE ONE EGG—" Even the lady leaders learn as the cooking demonstrator shows some baking tricks.

Photos this page: John L. Carpenter



At Bedford



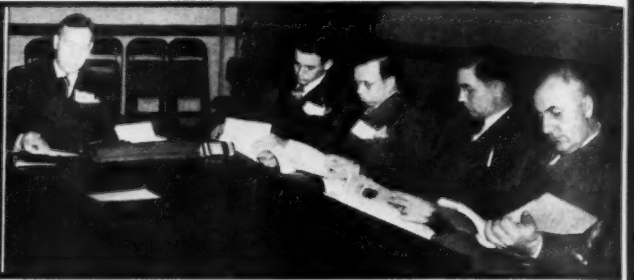
W. R. AMICK, F. L. McReynolds, and Miss Edna Troth, of the State staff, discuss hybrid seed corn, about which they know, before the sessions.



MISS JEWEL Perkins, of Marshall Township High School, shows how stains are removed, part of a home-economics 4-H Club project.



THE LADIES listen to a talk on 4-H Club records and how they're kept.



BOYS' 4-H Clubs have records to keep, too, these leaders learn.

THEY'RE all adult leaders learning the tricks of song leading. There is more to it than saying, "Now all together—let's try old No. Four!"



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Rotary Reporter

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Clubs Scramble after Scrap

The Rotary Club of DECATUR, IND., reports a highly successful paper collection, which is being followed by a scrap drive. . . . The KENDALLVILLE, IND., Rotary Club is sponsoring the scrap drive locally. . . . The Rotary Clubs of FORDYCE, ARK., and BELEN, N. MEX., are also entering into scrap-collection activities.

The Rotary Club of RENO, NEV., gave a \$25 war bond to the boy under 16 who turned in the largest weight certificate on scrap collection. (See pages 11-13 for reports on other Rotary Clubs which are "getting in the scrap.")

Keep 'em Reading, Keep on Writing

At every meeting of the TERRE HAUTE, IND., Rotary Club, pads of paper are passed around for joint letters to the members in service. Appreciative replies have "pepped up" the writers. . . . The Rotary Club of PATCHOGUE, N. Y., keeps men in service informed on "what's cookin'" at home.

The Secretary of the BELVIDERE, N. J., Rotary Club sees that all men from that town in the service get the local paper, of which he is editor. . . . VALPARAISO, IND., Rotarians write regularly to members and sons of members in the armed services. . . . The Rotary Club of ZEE-LAND, MICH., sends a report of each meeting to each member in the service.

Clubs Vie to Keep 'em Happy

The mobile canteen presented by the Rotary Club of BOMBAY, INDIA, meets troops arriving by rail or ship. The Club has also opened a circulating library in rooms furnished by the Government. Salary of the attendant and the cost of books in three dialects are met by the Club.

"Your uniform is your meal ticket" at the Rotary Club of PRINCETON, MO., which invites every man in uniform to be the guest of the Club on meeting days. . . . CHAMBERSBURG, PA., Rotarians have two rooms in town allocated for the use of men in uniform staying overnight without a place to stop.

The Rotary Club of JEFFERSON, WIS., is entertaining soldiers in training in the camps about MADISON, WIS., 33 miles away. . . . Since Christmas presents for men in service must be mailed early, the Rotary Clubs of IPSWICH, MASS., and MAYVILLE, WIS., led early plans for a present for every boy from their respective communities.

Club Helps Train 228 Mechanics

Working with the public schools, the Rotary Club of BRECKENRIDGE, TEX., has been active in the establishment of a course for the development of mechanics. Already

Rotary Events Calendar

November 30-December 2—Constitution and By-Laws Committee meets in Chicago.

228 have finished the schooling, been awarded certificates, and taken their places in war plants.

Clubs Want Soldiers' Names

Many Rotary Clubs in towns near Army and Navy camps are particularly eager to learn of any Rotarians or near relatives of Rotarians whom they can meet and entertain. The SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., Rotary Club has again asked to be notified, especially when men are passing through. An appeal from the LONDON, ENGLAND, Rotary

Club appears in the *Scratchpaddings* department (page 51 of this issue).

The brand-new Rotary Club of NEO-SHO, MO., wants to learn of Rotarians or sons of Rotarians at Camp Crowder; and the HENDERSON, N. C., Rotary Club wishes to learn of them if stationed at Camp Butler.

Send Men Away with a Smile

Boys leaving for Army service from LOCKPORT, N. Y., are given a "send-off" by the Rotary Club. . . . And the Rotary Club of LEWISTON, PA., gives inductees a banquet and sees that they have "smokes" when they leave.

A group from the CLINTON, MO., Rotary Club is on hand to say "good-by" to each boy leaving town for military service, and to give him a little keepsake, as well. . . . WATERTOWN, WIS.,



A MOTORLESS, gasless parade sponsored by the Patchogue, N. Y., Rotary Club was enjoyed by citizens who watched and who joined afoot or in horse-drawn wagons and carryalls.

Photo: Enid Army Flying School



THE ENID, Okla., Rotary Club, with other local groups, has created an attractive Servicemen's Center for a near-by flying field. This home recording equipment is popular.

Rotarians entertain the boys leaving, too. . . . But at CAMDEN, ARK., the Rotary Club entertains the boys arriving! The Club erected a clubhouse for aviation cadets stationed there.

Harvest Milkweed to Warm Fliers Several Rotary Clubs in the northern portion of Michigan's "lower peninsula" met with other service clubs to gather milkweed, the cottony fiber of which is used for coats for aviators.

Boys Buy Bonds: Bonds Buy Bombs Almost every Rotary Club is active in sales of war bonds (or their equivalents in other countries), but here are some special activities among the many recently reported: The Rotary Club of WILLIAMSON, W. VA., has built a special war-bond sales office at which it will sell bonds and stamps. . . . RICHMOND, VA., Rotarians have stressed bond sales, and in addition have been assisting farmers who are short-handed (see also *Rotary 'Shock Troops' Ride to the Rescue!* in the October ROTARIAN). . . . Reserve funds of the BROWNSVILLE, PA., Rotary Club purchased \$500 in war bonds.

Club-Sponsored Speech Thrills Veteran of two major conflicts in the Pacific, Lieutenant Arthur Brassfield accepted an invitation of the PAWNEE, OKLA., Rotary Club to speak to it while visiting the city. The



"IMPERIOUS Caesar" defeated "Bru'us" in a Roman riding race, as the Rotary Club of El Cajon, Calif., held a "MacArthur Day" horse show to raise funds for patriotic purposes.

Club invited the entire town to be present and hear the Navy flier's story of his experiences.

Buy a Meal' Plan Started by Club Sparked by several members who are veterans of World War I, and who remember, with pleasure, their own experiences as guests, Rotarians of DEPERE, Wis., have adopted the motto "Buy 'em a Feed!" When ever possible, they pay for the meals

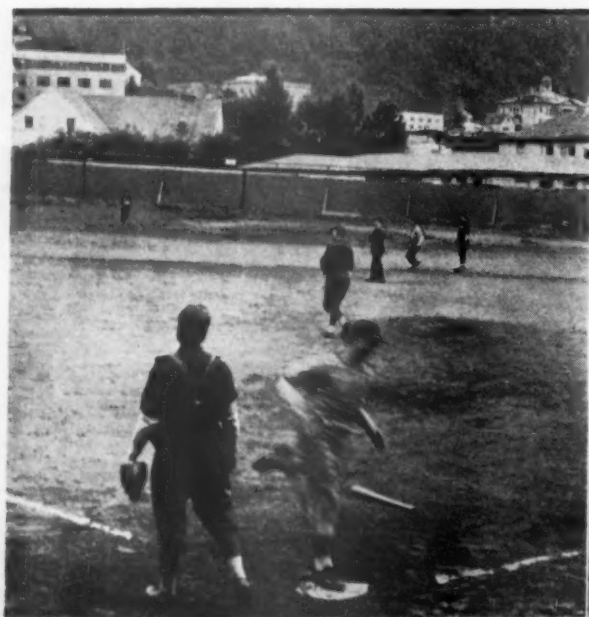
of servicemen who are eating alone—usually by arranging it with the waitress or cashier.

Sister' Clubs Still Exchange The Rotary Club of ALEXANDRIA, N. Y., was toasted by its "sister" Rotary Club of ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, and received a letter from Hussein Fahmy Bey, International Service Committee Chairman, telling how the ten nationalities of the latter Club joined in the toast. . . . While not strictly a "sister" Club, the Rotary Club of WARTON, ONT., CANADA, has "been a sister" to the Rotary Club of SKEGNESS, ENGLAND, and sent \$400 for war aid. In addition, it has given \$3,000 to the local Veterans' Club. The Rotary Clubs of SOUTHAMPTON—ONT., CANADA, and ENGLAND—continue their exchanges.

'Uncle Zenas Wears the Wheel If you're a soldier, sailor, or marine from KENT, OHIO, you've had a letter from "Uncle Zenas." It was a chatty, newsy, home-town letter. And it was written by a Rotarian, because every member of the local Club is "Uncle Zenas" to one of the 261 servicemen from KENT. The name comes from Zenas Kent, founder of the city, and the idea burgeoned with a World War I veteran, Rotarian Paul Davey.

Here's to You—Happy Birthday! It's a silver anniversary for these Clubs—25 years old and younger than ever! Drumright, Okla.; New Haven, Conn.; Santa Barbara, Calif.; Watertown, So. Dak.; Chillicothe, Ohio; New Philadelphia, Ohio; Huntsville, Ala.; Wabash, Ind.

It's a new day for the following Clubs, for they are newly admitted to Rotary International. Congratulations! Camiri, Bolivia; Elstree & Boreham Wood, England; Patzcuaro, Mexico; Neosho, Mo.; Shawinigan Falls, Que., Canada; Golden City, Mo.; Carangola, Brazil; Senador Pompeu, Brazil; Randleman, N. C.; Guasave, Mexico; Padua, Brazil; Maipu, Argentina; General Villegas, Argentina; Muriae, Brazil; Miracema,



THE JUNEAU, Alaska, Rotary Club assumed the job of raising the town's U.S.O. quota and did it with a week-end "slam boree." Boxing and wrestling by soldiers, sailors, and civilians; a close-packed dance; and a baseball game between two Army teams were three of the items on the holiday frolic program.



Photos: Doris Miettinen: Ordway

Brazil; Quixada, Brazil; Esquina, Argentina; Puren, Chile; Camocim, Brazil; Mayodan, N. C.; Capitan Sarmiento, Argentina; Necochea, Argentina; Normananton, England; Bluefields, Nicaragua; Kodiak, Alaska.

In celebration of its 21st anniversary, the Rotary Club of WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND, subscribed more than £100 for the entertainment of United Nations sailors ashore in the port.

Swiss Club Aids Feeble Children

For the benefit of children enfeebled by the privations of

war, the Rotary Club of BASEL, SWITZERLAND, has been extremely active in the "Helping Art" Committee, which raised 100,000 Swiss francs by a bazaar.

Activities for Boys and Noise

The Rotary Club of BOLIVAR, Mo., found a suitable building and

completely remodeled it and equipped it for a boys' clubhouse at a cost of \$1,200. . . . To raise funds for various community services, the Rotary Club of JAMESTOWN, N. Y., sponsored a special appearance in the community of a chain radio program.

Stamp Project Keeps Boys Busy

Pupils of the Montana School for the Deaf and Blind, aged

12 to 17, have Rotarian Dr. George H. McCole and his fellows of the Rotary Club of GREAT FALLS, MONT., to thank for their most exciting activity—stamps. Started in collecting some years ago by Dr. McCole, the stamp club is helped whenever necessary by the Rotary Club with gifts of albums and stamps and has become the outstanding extra-curricular project.

'Less Chance' Boys Get Chance

Boys who, because of their "less-chance" background, had no

opportunity to go to Boy Scout or other Summer camps were given that privilege by members of the Rotary Club of AUSTIN, TEX. Instead of receiving the money outright the boys—several hundred of them—were given facilities to earn the \$7 the week's camp cost. Rotarians provided the work and the money to pay for it.

25% Absent—98% Present!

One of those paradoxes which turn up under Rotary's rules

of attendance was exhibited by the Rotary Club of ESTEVAN, SASK., CANADA, recently. Ten of its 41 members were absent—but from the Atlantic to the Pacific, eight of them made up before the week was over. Such points as VICTORIA, B. C.; YAKIMA, WASH.; MINOT, N. DAK.; NEW YORK, N. Y.; WINNIPEG and DAUPHIN, MAN.; contributed to the entertainment of the ESTEVAN Rotarians who "made up."

'As Much Rotary Per Square Inch'

"We're not a big Club—in fact, we're mighty small—but

we've got as much Rotary per square inch as can be found. . . ." That was the story of the MILFORD, MICH., Rotary Club when enlistments in the armed



Photo: Camp Lee

THEY not only ate like soldiers, they washed up like soldiers, when 50 Rotarians from Petersburg, Va., were guests at near-by Camp Lee for supper and special battle-line movies.

Photo: Billard Curry



ROTARIANS from Hartwell, Ga., and Anderson, S. C., attended a meeting of the Hartwell Rotary Club on a "special excursion" of the Hartwell Railway, which is ten miles long and which runs two trains daily—one each way—connecting Hartwell with the Southern Railway.



DEMONSTRATION of the audiometer presented by the Nashua, N. H., Rotary Club to the State Crippled Children and Handicapped Persons Society. Jacquelin Pepin (left) was found to need a hearing aid when tested with the instrument, and the Rotary Club presented her one.

services and transfers cut its membership to ten early in the year. But it proved its point. It is taking in new members, slowly, to get real Rotarians. Ten members kept up a 100 percent attendance record. Members put on their own programs, didn't even have a visitor from outside. They send the local paper to every one of the 180 men in the armed services. And they are growing—"but that is just incidental," they assert.

Student Guests Turn Hosts Each month the Rotary Club of MILLVILLE, N. J., is host to a student from the local high school. At the close of the school year these student guests take over one meeting and provide everything except the food. Each guest represents some special school activity, such as sports, music, council, etc., so a balanced group is represented.

Timid, Talented, Tenors Trumpet When the Music Committee of the Rotary Club of YORK, PA., sent a questionnaire to all members, it "smoked out" some unusual talents, long hidden under timidity. Five ques-



LODGE of the Oshkosh, Wis., Camp Fire Girls' Camp, which has been sponsored by the local Rotary Club. More than half of the \$9,000 raised by the Club came from local Rotarians.

tions were proposed, but in positive form, such as these three:

1. Yes, sir, I am fairly proficient at singing rumbling bass (), semi-bass (), baritone (), tenor ().

2. Sorry, can't sing, but I can (1) do tricks (), (2) tap dance (), (3) tell stories (), (4) play a musical instrument (), (5) rig up elec-

trical gadgets like stage and spot lights, colored-light effects ().

3. Here is the name of a Rotarian () who can ()

From the answers, the Music Committee expects to revolutionize musical history in its District! W. P. Ferris, better known as "Tiny," is Chairman.

Clubs Help School Camps

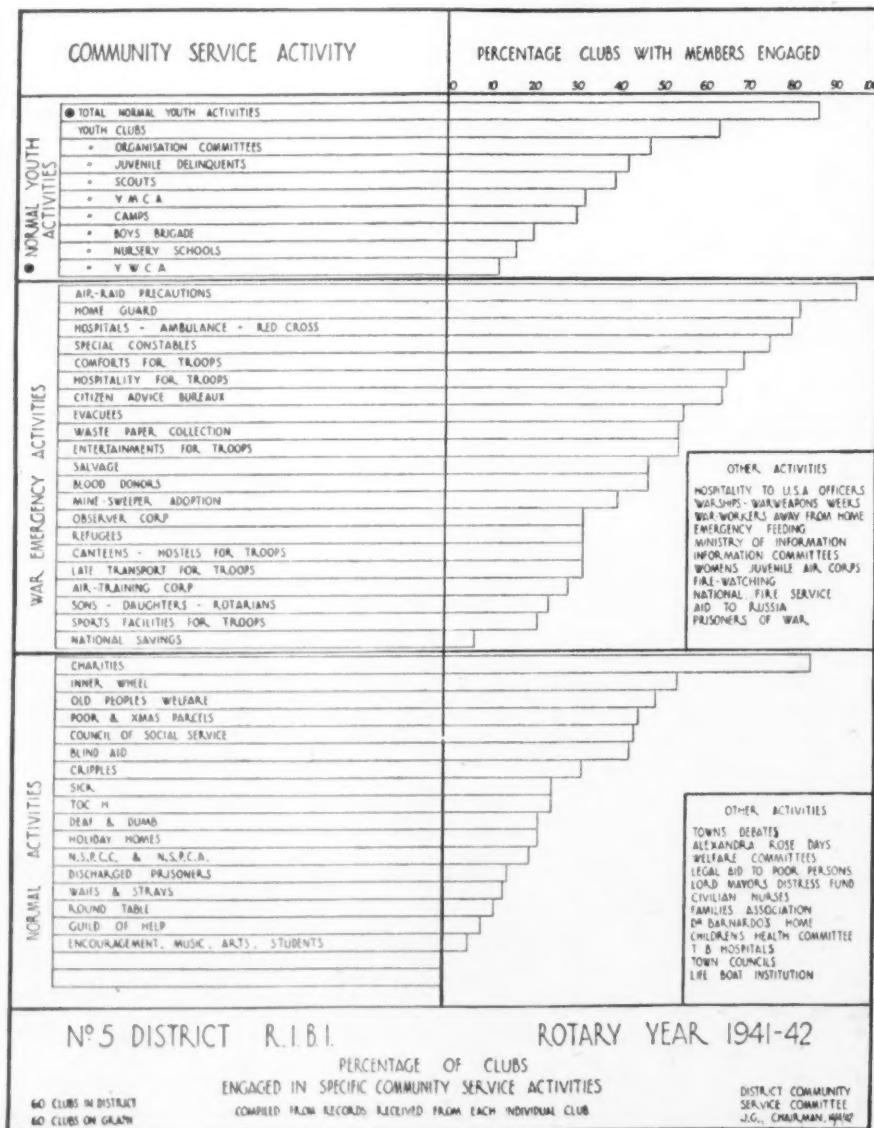
Physically handicapped children from CINCINNATI, OHIO, are the guests of the Rotary Club at Camp Allyn, near BATAVIA, OHIO, where, for the past 20 years, 75 to 100 are accommodated during the Summer. . . . The Rotary Club of CATSKILL, N. Y., aids with a daytime "school camp," in which the public school conducts a daytime Summer camp for its pupils on grounds donated for the purpose. The Rotary Club, together with parent groups, supplies supplementary foods so that a balanced diet can be maintained.

Club Won't Pay—Band Can't Play Because the Rotary Club of ST. LOUIS, Mo., would not pay an equal number of musicians, as required by the local union rules, an Army band which had been invited to play at a recent luncheon was unable to perform. Speaker of the day was the commanding officer of the band's post.

'Service over Self' Essay Wins Prize A prize offered by the Rotary Club of QUITMAN, GA., for the best essay on the Rotary motto, "Service above Self," was won by a high-school senior, Henry Brice.

Fellowship, Food at Intercity Meet Nine Rotary Clubs, seven of them from Wayne County, N. Y., held an intercity meeting at NEWARK, N. Y., recently, at which were present (to quote a report) "Rotarians, guests, and prospects." The "prospects" were guests of the various Clubs who may be invited to membership before long and were having a "preview."

DISTRICT No. 5 of Rotary International (the northwestern counties of England) has made this survey of normal and special wartime activities in which the 60 Clubs of the District participate. Note the war burden!





HONORS. Among the Rotarians on the recent "honors" list of the British Empire were R. D. DENNISTON, of Madras, India, and ROBERT BRYCE WALKER, of Hamilton, Scotland, both knighted.

To the Order of the British Empire were named, as Members, REV. C. E. V. NATHANIELS, of Colombo, Ceylon, and J. H. WRIGHT, of Smethwick, England; as Commander, DEWAN BAHADUR N. C. LIMAYE, of Sholapur, India; as Officers, MAJOR F. T. DEATKER and H. J. MULLENEUX, of Bombay, and DR. F. G. PERCIVAL, of Jamshepur, India.

Three Indian Rotarians also received specific Indian ranks: F. RAHMAN, of Calcutta, that of Khan Bahadur; J. P. SRIVASTAVA, of Lucknow, Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire; and DR. A. C. UKIL, of Calcutta, the Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal.

LOUIS RUTHENBURG has been awarded the annual Evansville, Ind., Rotary Club citation for "outstanding community service." He has also been elected an honorary member of the city's Rotary Club. These honors were climaxed by his appointment as a trustee of Purdue University.

Real Service. When CHARLES MARTIN, 86 years old, a member of the Chicago Rotary Club since 1906, was severely injured at his Summer home, he was taken some miles to the Waukegan, Ill., hospital. Rotarians in Waukegan learned of his plight, and began dropping in to see him. Soon it became a regular practice to visit him before or after the weekly Club meeting. When ROTARIAN MARTIN recovered enough to return to his home, though still bedridden, the men continued the regular visits. After four months, he was able to return the calls by visiting the Waukegan Rotary Club.

Bomb Bursts. A letter from TOM BENSON, Rotary International Representative of District 14, from his home at Littlehampton, England, says:

I am sorry I could not be with you [at the Convention] this year. I had intended coming, but it was impossible to get across—all seats on the Clipper booked for months ahead.

Had a beautiful bomb dropped by the Huns about 1:45 A. M. about a quarter of a mile away—my word, what a bang! Windows broken nearly a mile and a half away. We have had "on and off" excitement down here since August, 1939.

Canal Items. Since his Rotary Club at Moree, Australia, has had programs on the Suez and Panama Canals, NORMAN S. REID wonders why it ignores the greatest of all canals—the alimentary canal! "It is a natural sequence to the Panama Canal . . . for, as Colon is on one end of the latter, so is colon an inseparable part of the alimentary

canal," he suggests. Unable to eat with his Club, since his own alimentary canal is under repair, he nevertheless attends all meetings.

Going to London? If you or any other Rotarian or near relative of a Rotarian is likely to be called to London in the near future, note these telephone numbers: Temple Bar 9100 and Holborn 6256. The former is that of GEO. P. HARGREAVES, Chairman of the International Service Committee of the Rotary Club of London; the latter, that of F. L. BILLINGTON-GREIG, Club Secretary, who will

be delighted to hear from you and will immediately give you a personal invitation to a meeting of the London Rotary Club. If unable to call, write to ROTARIAN HARGREAVES at Brettenham House North, 14/15, Lancaster Place, W.C. 2, London, England, immediately on arrival in England. The London Rotarians want to meet you!

Safety Pays! LESLIE R. SILVERNALE, a member of the Chagrin Valley (Chagrin Falls), Ohio, Rotary Club, who introduced "safe driving" courses into the Cleveland public schools, has been appointed field representative of the National Safety Council's education section. He is credited with a large rôle in reducing traffic fatalities of school children in Cleveland from 50 a year to a low of 19 in 1940.

Letter from Australia. DR. L. O. C. BAYER, Past District Governor, writes from his home in Colac, Australia:

I have been roping camouflage nets over the week-end. Members of the . . . women's association make the 14 x 14-foot nets in hundreds and as the roping and splicing are rather heavy for the ladies, our Club has undertaken the job. . . . Last month my wife was going up in the lift at Scott's Hotel, Melbourne, and she asked a U. S. boy where he came from. He said, "Chicago—and you would call it 'Illinois!'" She said, "No, I should call it 'Illinois,' because I lived there for 12 months while my husband was at Northwestern!" He nearly kissed her—got out of the lift with her and talked for half an hour.

Condolences. Upon the death of THE DUKE OF KENT, the following cablegram was sent to the King of England through appropriate channels:

It is with great regret we learn of the death of His Royal Highness THE DUKE OF KENT. For more than a decade he was Patron of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland and a most sympathetic exponent of the Rotary ideal of service above self. On behalf of PRESIDENT FERNANDO CARRAJAL and Board of Directors of Rotary International please accept our deepest sympathy.

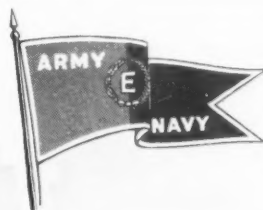
From Buckingham Palace came the reply:

I am commanded to express to you and to the President and Members of the General Council of Rotary International the sincere thanks of The King for the kind message of sympathy on the death of THE DUKE OF KENT.

I am to assure you that His Majesty deeply appreciates this message.

War Services. DELBERT A. SNIDER, Past President of the Rotary Club of Mount Pleasant, Tex., is in the Navy now and, at last reports, training as a yeoman. . . . It's SECOND LT. JAMES J. DAILEY, service pilot, now, for this member of the Freer, Tex., Rotary Club. . . . KATHARINE J. OVERBAUGH, daughter of ROTARIAN AND MRS. CLIFFORD A. OVERBAUGH, of Catskill, N. Y., is now a "WAAC." . . . Though OLDHAM PAISLEY was President of the Marion, Ill., Rotary Club when called to service as a lieutenant colonel, his resignation was not accepted, so he completed his term *in absentia*.

Bond 'Champs.' ROTARIAN SLATER O'HARE has been named State chairman of the war-bond drive in Iowa because of the record he set in his home town, Wellman. His own Rotary Club backed him up by buying bonds, at least one for every member, on the opening day. . . . RALPH ELVIN, a member of the Lima, Ohio, Rotary Club, was one of 11 "re-



Production 'E' Winners

The Army-Navy Joint "E" Pennant is given to factories in the United States for "high achievement in the production of war equipment." The "E" for efficiency has long been a proud symbol for the armed services—now it is awarded to deserving civilians.

The following lists a few of the "E"-winning firms having Rotarians among their main office executives. THE SCRATCHPAD MAN will be happy to publish others as soon as he learns of them.

Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Ill. ROTARIANS PAUL HERRENS and JAMES F. STILES, North Chicago; FLOYD K. THAYER and GEORGE MANZ, Waukegan, Ill.

Diebold Safe and Lock Co., Canton, Ohio. ROTARIANS ADOLPH J. ROOS, Canton, and E. W. NELSON, New York.

Independent Lock Co., Fitchburg, Mass. ROTARIANS A. H. BROWNELL and J. J. MEYER.

Kearney & Trecker Corp., Milwaukee, Wis. ROTARIAN THEODORE TRECKER.

Marchant Calculating Machine Co., Oakland, Calif. ROTARIANS H. T. AVERY, Oakland, and J. L. OAKES, Jr., Chicago.

Omaha Steel Works, Omaha, Nebr. ROTARIAN F. H. BUCHOLZ.

Picker X-Ray Corp., New York, N. Y. ROTARIAN JAMES PICKER.

Savage Arms Corp., Utica, N. Y. ROTARIANS FRED F. HICKEY, ARTHUR F. HEBARD, GORDON T. WOOD, EUGENE A. MACDONALD.

Western Cartridge Co., East Alton, Ill. ROTARIAN F. J. MONAGHAN, Alton, Ill.

Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corp., Bloomington, Ill. ROTARIAN LYLE STRAIGHT.

gional bond champions" in Ohio. The radio station of which he is managing director led in the sale.

Long-Distance Member. While living in Rochester, N. Y., FRANCIS C. WILBUR sometimes visited Rotary meetings as a



ROTARIAN and Mrs. Henry J. Arnold, of Rome, Ga. This picture was taken for their recently fêted golden-wedding celebration.

guest of his business associate ROTARIAN SCHUYLER ARNOLD. Now a major in the United States Army on duty in Australia, he wrote recently: "The prominence of Rotary throughout Australia gives me a great urge to belong. Can I get in?" He has since been elected an additional active member by Rochester Rotarians and classified as a mobilized Rotarian. The news was cabled to him, so he could visit Australian Clubs immediately.

A 'Scoop!' Thanks to SCOOPY, THE SCRATCHPAD MAN's dog, we have "scooped" our fellow columnist WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, honorary member of the Rotary Club of New Haven, Conn., whose notes on books and life appear monthly in THE ROTARIAN (see page 38, this issue). This will announce the fact that DR. PHELPS is an author! That, of course, is no surprise to those who treasure *A Dash at the Pole* and subsequent examples of his art, but this is a new book just off the press, *The World's Great Religious Literature* (Macmillan, \$3.50), an anthology of prose covering 19 centuries.

Celebration. CONGRESSMAN J. BAYARD CLARK was one of the guests of honor and the principal speaker when the

Dunn, N. C., Rotary Club celebrated its third year of 100 percent attendance recently. . . . The Marion, Ill., Rotary Club is just waiting for Dunn to slip to pass it up, having reached two years of perfect attendance.

Oldest? EDWARD J. LANDOR, honorary member of the Rotary Club of Canton, Ohio, may well be the oldest Committee Chairman in any Rotary Club. At 88, he is Chairman of the "Ambassadors of Goodwill" Committee. He served as Club President in 1919-20.

They grow them tough in Ohio—for CHARLES A. GRIBBLE, who admits having passed his 80th birthday, is the President of the Fostoria, Ohio, Rotary Club this year . . . and that's no easy job at any age!

But they grow them tough "back East," too. Consider ANDREW F. EVERS, of the Melrose, Mass., Rotary Club, who is proud of a long record of attendance and of visits to other Rotary Clubs in most of the States of the Union and in many countries of the Americas. His Rotary Club helped him celebrate his 80th birthday recently, when DISTRICT GOVERNOR WALTER H. BOIREAU, of Beverly, Mass., presented him with a plaque.



Morse

Another Easterner who keeps his Rotary chair warm is TRACY A. MORSE, an honorary member of the Unadilla, N. Y., Rotary Club. At 91, he keeps his attendance figures high enough to shame many younger members!

More Beavers. To the list of Rotarians honored with the 1941 Silver Beaver Award by the Boy Scouts (see September ROTARIAN, page 52), add the name of DICK HALL, a member of the Rotary Club of New Albany, Miss.

Ambulance. FORREST C. DONNELL, Governor of Missouri, wrote recently to JOE BURDMAN, President of the Rotary Club of Kirksville, Mo. It was not a letter concerned with Rotary matters. It was

a note of thanks for ROTARIAN BURDMAN's personal gift of a fully equipped ambulance to the State Guard Unit. ROTARIAN BURDMAN's only two sons are in the Army, but one was home on leave when the ambulance was presented.

Back in Service. Beaten, tortured, twice reported dead (as he himself remarks, "somewhat prematurely"), PERCY R. CLARK, a charter member and long-time Secretary of the former Rotary Club of Ploesti, Rumania, is now a major in the Royal Artillery Ordnance Corps of the British Army in Egypt. The degree of his recovery may be judged by the fact that he was passed as physically fit "for any military service."



Clark

Ladies of the Press. Daughters of three Chicago Rotarians have broken into print and radio recently for Chicago newspapers: JANET CHATTEN, daughter of ROTARIAN MELVILLE C. CHATTEN, and BEVERLY TAYLOR, daughter of PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR HERBERT J. TAYLOR, with the radio edition of the *Chicago Sun*, and MARTHA MURPHY, daughter of J. WALTER MURPHY, with the *Tribune*.

King of Korn. Rotarians of Washington Court House, Ohio, are willing to back their fellow member COLIN C. CAMPBELL, Governor of District 150, against the world as "Korn King." The title is based on the number of ears he consumed at a recent meeting of the Club Assembly at which corn-on-cob was served. The exact record is a secret—but it is said to be plenty high!

Three Presidents! A Rotary Club with three Presidents—that's the status at Decatur, Ga. EDWIN A. CLEMENT, while serving as President of the Valdosta, Ga., Rotary Club, moved to Decatur, and MARC C. WEERSING, President of the Elberton, Ga., Club, did likewise. Both were promptly elected to membership at Decatur, and now Decatur's President, G. ARTHUR AUSTIN, keeps them busy presiding—while he eats his luncheon undisturbed!

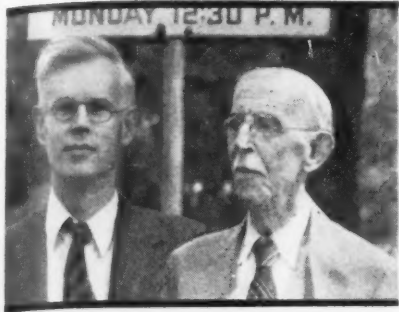
Sign Maker. The roadside Rotary wheel which greets visitors to Silverton, Colo., is the handiwork of MACK SABLES, Immediate Past President of the local Rotary Club. He holds the "mechanical engineering" classification.

Escaped! From the Middle Asia Office of Rotary International comes news of Rotarians from occupied places who have made their way to free lands. From addresses in India, there have been reported one Rotarian from Mandalay and 27 from Rangoon, Burma; one and the wife of another from Ipoh, two from Klang and Coast, four from Kuala Lumpur, and one from Seremban, all in the Federated Malay States; two from Kuching, Sarawak; nine and the wife of another from Singapore, Straits Set-



REUNITED with his wife and daughters in Fayetteville, Ark., George C. Dankwerth, Past President of the Manila Rotary Club, prefers to forget six months of Japanese internment.

Photo: Rotarian W. F. Messenger



MEET the C. H. Grose, of Ballston Spa, N.Y. Son became a Rotarian in '28; Dad in '24. Since joining, Dad has not missed a meeting.

lements. Three more Singapore Rotarians reached the U. S. A. via India.

On the diplomatic-exchange liner *Gripsholm* which arrived in the United States recently were 45 Rotarians from places in Japan, occupied China, Thailand, Hong Kong, and The Philippines.

'One-Man Band.' When you meet ARTHUR WEST, of Commerce, Tex., you meet (1) a sergeant of the Texas Defense Guard; (2) chairman of Reemployment for the Selective Service System; (3) chairman of Education and Speakers' Bureau of the local OCD; (4) chairman of the local Red Cross Home Service; (5) vice-chairman of the local U.S.O. drive; (6) correspondent for his trade publication, *The Progressive Grocer*. And, of course, a Rotarian—in fact, the President of the Commerce Rotary Club. In his spare time he's a grocer.

Clever Clubs. "Rhymes of the Times," they call it at North Manchester, Ind., where the Rotary Club bulletin each week appears in rhymed stanzas—even reports from the District Assembly.

Remarks the *Quaboag Quip*, publication of the Monson, Mass., Rotary Club: *Six little badges, hanging on the wall—Six chairs so empty, looked so straight and tall—*

The place seemed half-deserted as we stepped into the hall

'Cause we missed six friendly handshakes, but we missed YOU most of all!

The Seymour, Conn., Rotary Club's *Rotary Rim* reported its attendance in an "obituary column," explaining: "We have an obituary column this week because we want to bury last month's attendance record!"

The latecomer at the East Hartford, Conn., Rotary Club must wear a baby's bib and bonnet until some other member arrives—later in the same meeting or late to some subsequent meeting.

Close Ranks! When death in active service took FLYING OFFICER A. J. MARSH, the youngest member of the Dauphin, Man., Canada, Rotary Club, the vacant place in the roster was filled by WILLIAM K. MARSH, his brother.

New Horizons. The American Brazilian Association has a new executive secretary—and thereby hangs a tale. He is JAMES H. ROTH, and to Rotarians in South America, that name means a lot. "JIM" ROTH, while in the U. S. Consulate in Lima, Peru, was, with FERNANDO CARBAJAL, now President of Rotary International, one of the charter members of the Lima Rotary Club. In



J. H. ROTH, of South America and New York.

1925 he became a Field Representative of Rotary International, and after one year in Europe went to South America, where he has been ever since, until his retirement from the staff June 30, 1942, when he accepted the secretaryship of the American Brazilian Association in New York City. He is "continuing," he writes, "the work of good understanding and fellowship" which he has so long been doing under the aegis of Rotary.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

Two Generations—Rotarians All

THE universality of Rotary is so well known to Rotarians that they accept it as a matter of course. But to many non-Rotarians it is a distinct surprise.

Here are 29 proofs of the hold Rotary has on all generations—for here are 14 fathers and their 15 sons, all of them Rotarians. Brooklyn, N. Y., contributes nine of the pairs. All four of the Calais, Me., representatives, from two families, are Past Presidents of their Club—and all three from Belle Plaine, Iowa, being one family, have the same distinction.

In every case but one, which is noted below, the father precedes his son or sons in the listing.

(1, 2) Arthur and Robert Oliver, Chateaugay, N. Y.; (3, 4) Frank and Clarence Beckett and (5, 6) Norman and Walter Cobb (Walter is the father), Calais, Me.

(7, 8) Charles Tisch, Sr. and Jr.; (9, 10) Frank K. and F. Earle Fairchild; (11, 12) T. Harry and H. Davies Roulston; (13, 14) Ernest W. and Clarence M. Skoldberg; (15, 16) Harry M. and Leroy V. Edwards; (17, 18) Walter E. Trum, Sr. and Jr.; (19, 20) John P. and J. Robert Carlson; (21, 22) William T. and Bryant F. Gilmour; (23, 24) John J. Flannery, Sr. and Jr.—all of Brooklyn, N. Y.

(25, 26, 27) O. C., R. O., and John R. Burrows, Belle Plaine, Iowa; (28, 29) E. M. Underwood, Sr. and Jr., Sanford, N. C.



Photos: (3-6) Tracy; (7, 8, 9, 15, 19, 20) Litchner; (11) Bachrach; (23) Kaaden; (28, 29) Manning

Peeps at Things to Come

● **Foamed Glass.** A new competitor for cork and balsa wood in life preservers and similar applications where extreme lightness of weight is essential comes from the glass works. A new process converts the molten glass to the form of a frothy foam which becomes permanent when the glass solidifies. The product weighs only about ten pounds per cubic foot and contains huge numbers of tiny gas bubbles distributed evenly through it. It can be shaped with ordinary tools and seems likely to offer important competition to other heat-insulating materials.

● **Iron-to-Glass Seal.** Electric-light bulbs once required the use of two short pieces of platinum wire to lead current through the glass to the filament inside, because platinum was the only metal known that could make a permanently tight seal to glass. Later, experiments with alloys and composite wires avoided the need for expensive platinum. However, since some of the metals employed are now extremely scarce for this use, researchers have been modifying the glass itself to seal tightly to steel. That search has now succeeded and steel wires with glass to match are expected soon to carry current through bulbs to lighting filaments. Nickel and cobalt will be saved.

● **Power from Tests.** Aviation engines must go through a period of "breaking-in" at the factory so that the planes to which they will supply power can be flown at once. Unlike an automobile, an airplane cannot be "broke in" in service. This operation requires about half a day, and with the large numbers of such tests always being run, the power produced is great. Actually, by using the engines on test to drive generators, enough power is provided to run the manufacturing operation, including machine tools and lights, and the cost is negligible.

● **Vitamin vs. Heat.** Pills containing vitamin C have been found effective in preventing heat prostration of workers in excessive temperatures. An effective daily dose is contained in two small tablets.

● **More Beet Sugar.** Producers of sugar from beets have been handicapped by the relatively large amounts of hand labor required to tend and harvest the crop. Recent improvements promise to reduce these sources of extra cost for American beet growers. Thinning of plants is being avoided by a new method of breaking up beet seeds so that each particle contains the germ of a single plant instead of several, as Nature produces them. When these fragmented seeds are planted mechanically, there is

no need to thin out the growth. Mechanical planting also simplifies cultivation. Finally, the crop can now be harvested by a machine which removes the leafy crown and leaves the beet ready for processing without handwork.

● **Paper—Front and Center!** Efficient collection of waste paper and increased production have put paper in a position to fill many important jobs once reserved for materials now scarce. Paint cans from specially processed paper tubes save tin and steel plate. Paper insulation for hot-water storage tanks in the home saves heat and asbestos. A new type of resin treatment applied to paper pulp in the beater before the sheet is formed imparts high wet strength, needed in vegetable bags and wrappings, and at the same time raises the resistance of the sheet to folding, important in blueprint papers and documents. The process can be applied in paper mills without requiring equipment additional to that needed in previously used processes. Waste paper is being shredded into packing material by a new machine, thus saving excelsior.

● **Explosion-Resistant Windows.** Bombings from the air become especially dangerous to civilians because of the shattering of glass windows even though remote from the actual explosion. The newest method of avoiding this hazard employs standard wire screen sandwiched between two sheets of transparent cellulose acetate plastic to replace glass in windows of factories that cannot otherwise be made safe. The composite sheet is reported

Photo: Westinghouse



THIS war worker got ready for gasoline and tire rationing by attaching an outmoded washing-machine motor and a two-way gear shift to his bike. He gets 100 miles to a gallon of gas, speeds along at 30 miles an hour.

to resist the shattering force of a bomb weighing 150 pounds at a distance of eight feet.

● **American Cork.** Growth of cork oaks seems destined to spread widely throughout the United States following a convincing test made on cork from mature trees in California. Apparently much of the country, particularly the South, has climate and soil suited to the growth of these trees, but only a serious shortage like the present one has provided sufficient urge to plant the trees. California cork groves, planted in 1904, are being made to yield and thousands of seedlings are being planted now for a future crop. Distribution of plants is being made largely through State foresters in California, Arizona, and the Southern States.

● **Die-Stamped Garments.** To develop its full strength, nylon must be cold drawn after the fibers are formed. As a result of that peculiarity, we may soon have garments accurately shaped to fit us by a die-stamping process. Fabrics woven of unstretched fibers can be given the necessary final strength by being stretched over die-stamping forms having the size and shape of the prospective wearer of the garment.

● **Dehydrated Meat.** Since fresh meat requires refrigeration to prevent spoilage and contains some 75 percent of its weight of water, special interest attaches to application of modern dehydrating methods to it. By removing most of the water content of the meat, spoilage is minimized, need for refrigeration is reduced, and substantial reductions in weight are effected where the product must be freighted over long distances. Modern methods of dehydrating yield a product which can be returned to its original state, indistinguishable from fresh meat, by adding water.

● **'Supplantitutes.'** Answering our earnest plea for a new word to designate materials, originally substitutes, which later supplement and supplant the original, Rotarian Walter E. Campbell, of Greensboro, North Carolina, has come forward with "supplantitutes." It sounds good, but maybe someone else can suggest an even better one. Meanwhile, we are withholding the award of the prize of a solid synthetic-rubber eraser until others are received.

● **Synthetic Golf.** By next season, golfers may be able to enjoy their favorite sport without repaints or priorities. Tests of a golf ball molded of a synthetic plastic, ethyl cellulose, have shown it to be quite satisfactory and at least 95 percent as good as the conventional rubber-gutta-percha product with a liquid center. Furthermore, the new ball is reported to resist efforts of duffers to cut it with a golf club.

This department is conducted by D. H. Killeffer. Address inquiries to Peeps Department, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Poems for November

The Twisted Tree

Battered by many a blast of cold,
Twisted and gnarled of limb,
A pine tree stands on the barren edge
Of a canyon's wind-swept rim.

Never have warm rains freshened it,
Peace has been all unknown,
But the roots hold firm in rocks below
As it weathers the storm alone.

Souls that are lonely, twisted, sore,
Battling a world of care
Find peace in the love of fellowmen
If roots are planted there.

—Mary L. Cairns

Memoriam

November 11, 1918

Not for the countless many who have
walked
Into the Western sun, laughed a day,
Made light of death, fought, rested, drank,
and talked—

And then put down their harnesses for
aye.

Not for the gallant gentlemen who've struck
Forth to Valhalla, tossing out their hour
Of youth's untiring strength and noise and
pluck—

And then to Silence, sans all song, all
power.

Not for the richly heralded and sung:
Only for one my heart gave as its share,
Young-voiced and open-eyed and laugh-
ter-hung,

Eager as Spring is eager, and as fair.
Only for one on whom the years have
spread

Branch after branch of crystal-flowering
tears,

Whose glory is my heart's own meat and
bread,

Whose silence is the silver of my years.

Only for one of all the countless, this:
A gift of words that ache within my
breast,

That burn within my throat as does the kiss
From lips that call no more from their
deep rest.

For him and all his brothers, then, I pray
God's special watch in Flanders fields
this day.

—Sidney B. Cooksley

The Sword Two Edged

A gray and desolate sky,
The ring of frozen earth,
The stream of clouds, the moan
Of quivering grass-blades, and the cry
Of sailing wild fowl—why
Should these sad facts of life

Turn fame and wealth to roadside dust?
In those far days I wept
With loneliness and dearth.

The wind upon my cheek was keen.
I stumbled on behind the plow,
My brain aflame with lust of fame—now
Honor and a measure of gold have I,
Yet still I dream of that stinging sleet
And the gray of that desolate sky!

—Hamlin Garland



Photo: Rotarian Colquitt Clark

To My Husband

Lost seems our globe left swimming in
space,
No hold at its brow, no hook at its base.

Lost seem our years fast sinking to rest,
No tangible salvage left to attest
Hardships endured and victories won;
Days rich in sharing life's sadness and fun.

Lost soon our bodies will be to the dust,
But never our love, anchored to Trust!

—Fern Mack

Village Lights

Out of blindness leaps a light,
Kindles into flames that spread
Like a nimbus for the night—
There's a village on ahead.

Just a town the prairie bore,
Sired by need and fed by wit;
Where they built the general store
Beats the simple heart of it.

Day has shown a dozen such,
Dull and chill for all their glare;
Comfortless beneath a touch
That lays their poor possessions bare.

Now the warmth that was congealed,
Brightness that the sun denied,
All that day left unrevealed
Flows to meet us like a tide.

Only night can cover all
Day's mistakes and leave no sign;
Spare the mean and hide the small,
Leaving but the lights to shine.

—Cora Wilcox Dreyer

Village Portrait

Two old men who quarrelled
Decades ago
Pass without speaking:

Their anger's pale glow
Barely flames now to hatred:

They both have the gout,
And both have forgotten

What their quarrel was about.

—Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

Thanksgiving

Dear Lord, for all the harvests gathered in
From meadow, orchard, and from upland
field,

Now safely stored away in barn and bin,
The largess that the earth was made to
yield

The apples and the corn from out the husk,
The golden wheat, the dripping honeycomb,
The round-faced pumpkins smiling through
the dusk,

That, velvet-footed, stole across the loam,
We give our hearts in thankfulness to Thee,
We humbly lift our souls in songs of praise,
Thy kindness has filled our nights and days
With mystic music that can never cease
And builds a temple on the heights of
peace.

Dear Lord, for strength to toil, for weariness
When each day's humble laboring is done
And through the silences gray shadows
press

To veil the shining glory of the sun,
For candles beckoning across the gloom,
For brasses ranged above the fireplace,
For children playing in a little room,
For Love's caresses and Love's smiling face

We give our hearts to Thee, though we
are clay,

That crumbles back into the waiting earth;
In songs of glad thanksgiving, lo, we pray
And lift our souls to Thee in joyous mirth,
Because our wisdom makes us understand
That all we have is from Thy kindly hand!

—Edgar Daniel Kramer

Is or Was

Of all the creatures that tread the globe,
I'd rather be an IS;
And help to weave the warp of life,
And hear the shuttles whiz.

Then next in line I would prefer,
A useful WAS to be;
And look with pride o'er victories won,
On life's uncertain sea.

But Heaven forbid that I should be,
An ISN'T of useless mien;
'T were better far to be a WAS,
Then never to plan and dream.

—O. L. V.

Publicity for Officeholders' Incomes?

No—Joseph Rosier

[Continued from page 15]

and can talk like a lawyer—only better. The Chamber of Commerce voted him the town's Most Useful Citizen two years ago. At last, after pestering him about it for years, his friends have convinced him that he should run for a seat in the State's lower house. He has even begun to grow eager about it. Now—suddenly tell that man he must publish a statement of his income for the past year and he'll gallop back to his store like a hungry plow horse heading for the oat bin . . . and stay there.

Why? Guilty conscience? Not at all. Robert E. Lee Smith simply can't see why the manager of the Blue Front Groceteria down the street should know what he nets on his own store. He is proud of the way he maintains the two farms he rents out, but whose business is it how much they yield him? Smith—who wanted only to serve—feels that all this is somehow an invasion of his personal rights. I feel that, as a compulsory measure, it is unwise, unwarranted, and unnecessary. I agree with Smith that the proposed system would infringe, to a degree, "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects. . . ."

Scare men of Smith's caliber and experience away from politics and what have you left but unseasoned, untried theorists? Yes, if you please, men who never met a payroll.

There is a widespread feeling that men in public positions, in some sinister way, use their offices to feather their own nests. Exceptional stories of a few so-called political bosses who have so misused their trusts have fostered that suspicion. I think that it should be assumed that all candidates for public office are honest and that they have no desire to win office through fraudulent means. Certainly I agree that we should seek out and dispel corruption—and do so relentlessly—but I do not think that the proposed system we are discussing here will do it. The man who is so dishonest that he would use his office for his own selfish advantage would find ways of circumventing the audit requirement.

Some officeholders err more because of a misconception of their ethical responsibilities than because of a wilful effort to gain at public expense, and they need education in that respect. On the other hand, countless others completely divorce themselves from all private business to obviate every possibility of public mistrust. They lean over backward in their honesty. The judiciary offers the highest example of this

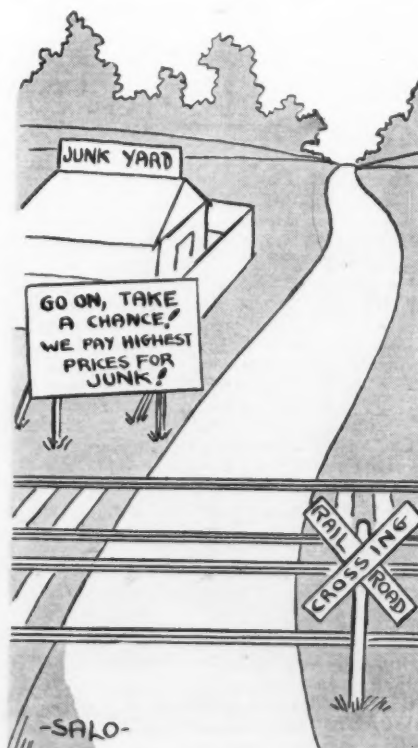
selflessness. The public expects every man who becomes a judge, in either the State or the Federal governments, to separate himself from every interest that might influence his decisions in administering the law.

Public opinion does not, however, demand this complete break with former interests from legislators and other officeholders. While court records do report cases of officials who have abused their power to throw business toward ventures in which they have an interest, such instances are, I repeat, exceptional.

Most men leave public office poorer in pocketbook than when they entered it, which fact is in itself evidence of the responsibility most politicians feel. The State and Federal lawmakers in my country are, as a rule, men of fine character. A mandatory audit of their incomes would in no wise make them more concerned about their conduct.

There is always the question, of course, as to whether an officeholder should accept lecture fees and whether a lawyer-legislator can practice law without violating his public obligations, but there should be no question about the income which a public official receives from invested capital.

In his first campaign for the Presidency of the United States, Grover



SALVAGE suggestion Number One!

Cleveland made an issue of the slogan "A public office is a public trust." The promise of an honest administration has been the keystone of every political campaign I know about, and the most damaging charge against any public official who may seek reelection is that he used his office to promote his own or his friends' private interests. A politician's sins catch up with him at the polls.

But let me come back to my chief point—that a mandatory audit of a candidate's income would frighten many a capable person of the highest probity from running for office. We demand detailed statements of all public expenditures in our village, county, state, and national governments. We should. At the same time we insist that John Q. Public's personal finances are his business only—not his neighbor's. What he tells the tax collector and the census taker—all that we respect as strictly confidential, secret. And that is as it should be. Why, then, if one John Q. Public agrees to run for attorney general, demand that he spread before us his personal and private ledger? We do not need to. Under the pressure of an intelligent public opinion, standards as high as those of the judiciary can be enforced throughout all forms of our public service. The public is not so obtuse that it cannot be trusted to judge men on their merits. The risk the people take in relying upon their own estimate of a candidate makes (or should make) them more vigilant if that candidate, once in office, becomes corrupt. To assure all that the private fiscal life of every candidate has been inspected and found satisfactory would cause the public to relax its watch over the officeholder.

You have just read how Mr. Douglas, for whom I have the sincerest respect, used to publish an annual audit of his income when a Chicago alderman. That was a voluntary gesture and, as such, a commendable one. But make such an audit compulsory? No. To do so would be to drive many a capable man away from politics and to leave the field to unseasoned, untried theorists. To do so would be to catch a few witless crooks while letting larger and willier ones slip through.

How would I sift out honest men? I'd look for them close at home—and elect them. I would watch them, certainly—and, to deter backsliding among the few with weak spines, I would increase the penalties for corruption in office and make trial and punishment more severe for the erring public officeholder. But once I had discovered and elected a good man, I'd trust him. With the confidence of their fellow citizens behind them, public servants have a way of getting things done and of staying on track.

Opinion

Re: The Post-War World

CHAS. ED. POTTER, *Rotarian*
Overseas-Trade Promotion
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

The fundamental law of human progress was given to the race 1900 years ago. It has been paraphrased "Do unto others as though you were the others" and is called the Golden Rule. If the "New Era" which is to follow the present world war does not practice the Golden Rule of coöperation instead of the rule of competition and destruction, the 20th Century will be recorded in history as the century of hypocrisy, greed, and intolerance.

Freedom Is Our Goal

FRED SPEAKMAN, *Rotarian*
Judge
Sapulpa, Oklahoma

What is it that will cause a people to become so disturbed and exercised that they are willing to abandon their routine of life overnight; revolutionize the entire social, financial, and industrial structure of a nation; spend billions of its wealth; and sacrifice upon the field of battle the youth of the land, the flower of the nation? What are we fighting for? Is it greed for the spoils of victory? Is it a design on some territorial acquisition which we covet? Can it be a fiendish desire for a dictatorial power over the smaller nations of the earth? No. The answer is freedom, that inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness. Not only the four freedoms set forth in the Atlantic Charter, though they are basic ones, but it is freedom to live, to think for ourselves—freedom of self-government—freedom to develop our talents and the gifts of God, and to help each other.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

On Introducing Speakers

Program Committee
Rotary Club
Cincinnati, Ohio

In discussing programs, after various forms of entertainment, novel and otherwise, have been considered, the question inevitably arises, "Whom shall we have for a speaker?" Engaging and presenting a speaker is serious business. You may get a good man and give him a bad start. One chairman of Rotary opened his program as follows: "Fellow Rotarians, I only introduce the speakers, I do not guarantee them." Another, in his desire to be funny, opened up with, "I will not bore you with a speech, but I'll introduce a fellow who will." Another chairman turned to the speaker at a luncheon with these words, "Shall I introduce you now or shall we let the Rotarians enjoy themselves a little longer?"

An attitude toward or an introduction of a speaker often reveals a face-

tious attitude toward a man who has a tough job for the next 30 minutes and determines whether or not he can render the service which is within his ability to render, or whether his time and that of the Rotarians is a total or partial loss at the rate of \$1 to \$5 a minute. If audiences have suffered at the hands of some speakers, certainly speakers have suffered in equal degree from thoughtless, indifferent, and listless audiences and "introducers."

Churches Need Support . . .

C. N. BOYNTON, *Rotarian*
Medical Analyst
Phoenix, Arizona

Today America needs another awakening. A spiritual awakening. We cannot live in America in the freedom which we enjoy without recognizing the spiritual side of life. However hard and tough we try to be in our thinking, there come moments when we recognize that there must be some connection between us and the God who made us. This war itself is a war between those who believe in the right to worship God and those who deny the very presence and influence of God. We have been careless of our religious training of youth. Children do not appreciate being sent to church when their parents are too occupied otherwise to go with them. The churches deserve and need the support of every thinking American. Had we kept our youth closer to the church and the things for which it stands, we would have less to be con-

cerned about today. There are three bulwarks of American life: the home, the church, and the schools. We need to be sure that the home is more than a temporary parking place between the exciting episodes of life, we need to be sure that the church continues to be a force in the life of every community and every person in it, and we need to be zealous that our schools do not fall into the hands of those who are so theoretical or so communistically minded that they would undermine our security.—*From a Rotary District Conference address.*

When My Son Was Twenty-one

JOSIAH SLEEPER, *Hon. Rotarian*
Sleeper's Business College
Chester, Pennsylvania

My clock runs fast and then runs slow. That's just the way my boy would go. So before the old clock I stand and softly push the minute hand, and then to make it rightly run, adjust with care the pendulum. When scion too would deviate, with care I tried to regulate. I showed him ways of right and wrong and warned that only men are strong who profit by the lesson taught, in alchemy of fiber wrought. Now man of the world is my son, and all the teaching I have done is buried in his manly heart. He now must act a father's part. Yet still I feel a father's care and set the pendulum with prayer.

Sinclair Lewis on Rotary

WARREN J. MOULTON, *Rotarian*
Clergyman
Bangor, Maine

Mr. Chesterton is credited with giving currency to the expression "This Rotarian Age." How devoutly we wish that world conditions today afforded a better basis for such a characterization! But may it not be that in the activities of Rotary and of kindred organizations

Odd Shots

Can you match the photo below for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*—you will receive a check for \$3 if your "odd shot" is used. But remember—it must be different!



LEFT OUT at the first table are two orphaned and hungry pigs. Broward Lovell, educator of Ocala, Fla., made this "shot" of the cow feeding her calf and three motherless lambs.

Grace for Rotary Luncheon

For all the gifts that come from Thee,
For what has been and is to be—
The blessings which each day we know,
The good to others we bestow,
The fellowship these meals recall,
The love of service binding all—
As we assemble round this board,
For these we give Thee thanks,
dear Lord.

EDWARD A. LEWIS

we do have a foreshadowing of a new world order that even now is on the way? Even Sinclair Lewis is reported to have said in England: "I have been accused . . . of saying nasty things about Rotarians, but I assert that the growth of Rotary in Great Britain, where it already has hundreds of Clubs, is more important to world tranquillity than all the campaigns of reformers put together."—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Creators of Disunity

IRWIN S. MOISE, *Rotarian*
Lawyer
Las Vegas, New Mexico

There are those within this country who are doing Hitler's work. I am not thinking of the saboteurs or the spies, but rather the disseminators of doctrines of misunderstanding and hate, who take advantage of our cherished freedoms of the press, of speech, of jury trial, and the rest to spread their doctrines among our people so that there may result that lack of unity, that division of purpose, which will make us weak and an easy prey for conquest. How does it work? Merely by agitation, through newspapers, pamphlets, letters, speeches. Agitation against this race, or that, against foreigners generally, against capital, against labor, against any group, so that this individual favoring this side does not trust that individual who favors the other side.—*From a Rotary District Conference address.*

Democracy Stands for Hope

R. THOMSEN, *Rotarian*
Pastor, Central Presbyterian Church
Amarillo, Texas

This is a world revolution, not merely a war. It cannot and will not be settled by the victory of arms. We must be for something if we have the basis on which to fight out this war to its final issue. The four freedoms are an objective in the realm of intangibles. Roosevelt and Churchill, when they framed the Atlantic Charter, said that all peoples must be free. . . . Why is it that the white men of Russia, Great Britain, and America did not invite the Chinese in on their conferences in Washington recently? Shall we have a color-divided world again and fight through another hell?

Democracy is not a static thing. It stands for the hopes and dreams of people everywhere in the world. It is something that every common man can

hope for, suffer for, and die for. Democracy is a holy something and if we deal in it, we must have clean hands.

There must be more freedom for the world than yours and mine. It is the common man who needs to be thought of these days—the common man everywhere of every color, race, and creed. The common man is on the march and he knows that he can have freedom and higher standards of life.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Develop Human Resources

GEORGE C. DWORSHAK, *Rotarian*
News-Bureau Executive
Lewiston, New York

Rotary's Toronto Convention last June must have renewed faith for many in the social possibilities of Rotary. To me the sense of the concluding session was: let's put aside our prudishness and look the causes of recurring war straight in the face, just as we have syphilis. Now more clearly should be seen the chance for Rotarians, throughout the world, becoming full-fledged engineers in the laboratory of human relations. The problem: men must be aided in discovering knowledge of, and faith in, a way other than war to dissolve the terrifying social-economic problems. A technique must be developed for good use of all human and earthly resources in terms of general good of humanity. Along with cultivating fellowship, Rotary must use its far-flung membership to promote international integrating of resources.

'For Men Who Do Not Destroy'

T. J. PURDY
Honorary Rotarian
Sunbury, Pennsylvania

It is the purpose of Rotary to create in every city, in every country, in what is left of the civilized world, a group of men who hold high above all other things, above all considerations of personal profit or national aggrandizement, the service of their fellowmen; a group of men who create and do not destroy, who protect and do not betray; big-

hearted, broad-visioned men, who believe in God and the brotherhood of men; men who believe that out of the sacrifices of this terrible war will come a better world and are willing to help make it come; such men belong to Rotary and Rotary provides a field for their service.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Ten-Point Defeat Program

J. KENFIELD MORLEY, *Rotarian*
Office Equipment Company
Louisville, Kentucky

Here are ten ways to defeat the purpose of Rotary:

1. Don't attend.
2. If you attend regularly, find fault, without offering constructive suggestions.
3. If the weather doesn't suit you, don't come. You'll be known as a "good-weather Rotarian."
4. Never accept office or work on a Committee. Then howl like a spoiled child if no one asks you to serve.
5. Just come down on Thursdays for the luncheon, and then compare it to the hamburger place down the street.
6. Kick about the programs. When you are asked for ideas, simply say, "What's the use? They're run by a clique."
7. Hold back your dues till the last minute and give the Secretary the jolting jitters.
8. Be selfish. Don't bother recommending for membership qualified representatives of unfilled classifications.
9. Do nothing to increase the usefulness of your Club to the community. Say, "George will do it." And when George does it, and the Club is commended, stick out your chest before your friends and say proudly, "That's my Club."
10. Say to yourself, "What am I getting out of Rotary?" as though Rotary were a place of selfish gain. Forget that Rotary was conceived for service . . . and service is giving, not getting. Forget that Rotary was founded in order that men could serve each other, through friendship, high ethics in business, improvement of community life, and the fostering of ideals, world-wide understanding, comradeship, goodwill.

Candle Lighting the Nations

GUÐMUNDUR FINNBOGASON, *Rotarian*
Librarian
Reykjavik, Iceland

I shall never forget the first Christmas I remember from my childhood. The only Christmas present which we children received was a candle each. But when we all lighted our candles, the little room became shining and bright and our eyes shown with joy. It is like this in Rotary. In conversation with fellow members, in three-minute speeches, in lectures and addresses, each contributes the candle of his special knowledge and experience and when all the candles are lighted, the way becomes more distinct, collisions can be avoided. Such a brotherhood of good men of every nation must, in the passage of time, do much good, contribute to friendly relations between nations and to general peace.



ANOTHER Odd Shot (see page 57)—this one taken by Rotarian H. M. McWhorter, realtor of Fort Myers, Fla. The chubby tyke who is giving a demonstration of "skinning the cat" is the 9-month-old son of a proud neighbor.

Talking It Over

[Continued from page 3]

that teachers be well-adjusted adults, suitably trained, the educational leaders will support you 100 percent.

It is a demand, however, which is difficult to satisfy with people who can be employed as teachers at \$800 a year. This is the State-wide average salary for teachers and school officials in one of the more prosperous Middle States. Of course, thousands of teachers in that State are paid less than this average. Meanwhile, the Federal Government, which has greatly increased its staff of workers in the last decade, employs junior stenographers at \$1,440 a year. It is exceedingly difficult to get people with ability to undertake an expensive preparation lasting over a period of years at the end of which they will earn an income of \$800 when it is possible to take a course of a few weeks in shorthand and typing which will prepare them for a salary which begins at \$1,440 and rapidly increases to a much higher figure.

The quality of school instruction is directly related to the qualifications of the instructor. The improvement of education is largely a financial problem and until we realize this and act upon it, we will always get results which fall short of the mark.

We are indebted to THE ROTARIAN and the authors who produced this feature for a stimulating treatment of a subject which is of fundamental importance to a nation. To the authors we add our expression of appreciation to that of the Editor for this contribution.

Recalls 'Bikes' of the '90s

For GARNETT L. ESKEW
Author and Journalist
Chicago, Illinois

Echoes from the past! Rotarian Paul G. Edmunds, of Charleston, West Virginia, sends me this repercussion from a little yarn about bicycling which I wrote for THE ROTARIAN in August, 1938 [*The Bike Completes a Cycle*]. The letter was sent to Rotarian Edmunds by Mrs. Lucina M. Clark, of Starke, Florida:

Looking through THE ROTARIAN magazines that belong to my husband, who was the Starke Rotary Club's fourth President when he died, I found your comment on Mr. Eskew's article in which you said in your youth and early manhood you bought several of those things which the author describes and have ridden on a "bicycle built for two."

Mr. Clark and I also owned and rode a bicycle built for two, and those who have surely must have similar experiences of humorous variety. Mr. Clark also owned a high-wheel bicycle. My first bicycle had solid rubber tires—I learned to ride by starting off downhill. I was born in 1880, but we did our riding after 1895 and married in '99. I have not ridden in 20 years, but am sure I could if I could have a "bike" without those pesky coaster



Rotary

From seeds of friendship planted in a fertile soil,
There grew a tree whose branches spread o'er all the earth,
A tree whose strength is great beyond compare,
A tree whose roots are spreading everywhere.

The seed was planted by a kindly man,
Who reckoned not the mighty deed he'd done,
By putting service first in every clime,
The sower sowed the seed sublime.

—ROTARIAN SAM FRIEDMAN

brakes. I never could get used to them. Thanks to you for the interesting item bringing back memories.

Heart Still in Rotary's Ideal

Says HERBERT J. VASTINE
Honorary Rotarian
Reading, Pennsylvania

It was a very great pleasure to know that through my Club I will receive THE ROTARIAN, as my heart has been in Rotary's ideal and the principles it stands for. I was one of those who met before we were constituted in 1913 and became a member right away. There are only five left, myself included, of the charter members and I am just as firm in the belief that it can be the making of better men and of a type that serve and lose their selfish ideas.

Makes Hobby Friends

Says DOT KOKES
Daughter of Rotarian
Ord, Nebraska

I have made some interesting correspondence friends through your *Hobby-horse Hitching Post* with some items I had that I do not specially collect. I hope others have enjoyed this part of THE ROTARIAN as much as I have. What people don't collect!

A Chance for Handicapped Men

Offered by FRED A. RYE
General Mgr., Improved Risk Mutuals
New York, New York

We have read 'Man-Salvage Clinic,' by T. E. Murphy [August ROTARIAN], with particular interest because in these days of Army recruitment the young men we use in a clerical capacity and in positions of some responsibility are leaving us. Replacement is difficult due to the fact that we would like to replace them with men of the same age, but, if we do so, we are immediately subject to the hazard of having them called into the service, and find ourselves a little worse off than before.

We know there are many young men who have been afflicted, say, with infantile paralysis, which unfits them for Army work and is often prejudicial to their securing employment due to their lameness in either arms or legs. We believe there is a place for this type of man in the clerical field and that desk work offers an opportunity for him. We believe, from the condensed article as published by *The Reader's Digest*, that you have made a study of this subject and probably have included other fields than the one relating to mechanics, and probably could tell us with whom to correspond in this area for the purpose of getting in contact with the type of young man herein mentioned.



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Hobbyhorse Hitching Post



PEEKING over the shoulder of THE SCRATCHPAD MAN one day recently THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM saw a newly arrived picture of a 100 percent attendance record holder with an exhibit of butterflies and moths. Scenting a hobby, he dug into the matter, and finally elicited the following details from DR. ROY WIEST, a physician member of the Rotary Club of Estes Park, Colorado.

ABOUT six years ago, my son began collecting moths and butterflies. Since we have always worked and played together, I was automatically interested. We put a few specimens under glass and placed them in my office window. Thousands of people stopped to look and admire them, especially the children, so I worked out a method of displaying both sides of the insect between glass, cementing the body to one of the glasses.

This meant getting new specimens, which in turn led to a hobby of collecting. Now I have nearly 200 varieties of butterflies from Colorado, and about 350 moths, practically all from the same State. I haven't yet found all the varieties available here at home, but I still am on the lookout for them in Estes Park.

Although most butterflies are found in regions which combine flowers, water, and sunshine, that does not eliminate high altitudes. The *Erebia magdalena*—a jet-black specie with no markings—is practically limited to Colorado, and lives at 11,000 feet, above timberline, in the

rocks of the rock slides. One can well imagine the difficulties encountered in pursuit of this insect.

Some butterflies are wild, some are tame. The large black-and-white *Basilarchia weidemeyeri* will hover about you while you work, or light on your hat or shoulder as you work with another butterfly! Once, when I was after the *Oeneis lucilla*, another above-timberline variety, gray in color, I met a flock of ptarmigan. These birds became interested in me, and followed me like a flock of hens at feeding time!

Previous to the Summer of 1941, I had little experience with night moths, but I had picked up one brand-new day variety in eastern Colorado. This, the *Euproserpinus wiesti*, lives in semiarid regions, where the rattlesnake is plentiful and it is necessary to watch your step.

The night-flying kinds are easy to catch—I just turn on the porch light and they gather around the light and all I have to do is pick them up. The pesky things cut into one's sleep, though, for different kinds keep coming in as the night progresses.

The larvae of some moths are very destructive. A year ago last Spring the National Park Service asked me to investigate an infestation. An area of 17 acres of quaking aspens (*Populus tremuloides*) had been completely denuded by the larvae of *Archips conflictana*, a small gray moth. However, by late Summer the trees had sprouted new leaves.



DR. ROY WIEST, holder of a perfect-attendance record for 16 years at the Rotary Club of Estes Park, Colo., with some of his butterflies. He found a new moth, now named for him!

There is another common gray or gray-white moth—the *Timeola* family. You know it. Its larva builds a cocoon from the wool of your best serge or tweed suit or your fur coat. It is commonly known as the clothes moth!

Just now I am working on a method of photographing my butterflies in full color. I am building a frame to hold them against a background of white and will photograph with a portrait lens using flood lights.

FROM butterflies to fishing flies is not too long a jump, so THE GROOM is happy to present ROTARIAN MYRON E. SHOEMAKER, of Laceyville, Pennsylvania, and his fish story.

I HAVE made practically a life study of fish, fishing, and conservation, utilizing the last ten years to learn more about the broad aspect of conservation as it fits into our contemporary lives and the general welfare of the United States.



Shoemaker

No doubt the thing I enjoy most about fishing is trying to cure the disease, but so far I have failed, as have my fishing-fraternity brethren. I am exclusively a fly fisherman and I love to use dry flies, see the fish as it rises or strikes, feel the impact against the rod, to have a good battle with it, then let it go for some other sportsman to catch in the future. As a fisherman, I have caught and killed my share. As a conservationist, I must kill less.

I thoroughly enjoy helping youngsters to know more about fish and fishing and what general conservation really means to America.

ROTARIAN JOHN W. BARGER, of Keyser, West Virginia, reports he first took up a hobby in self-defense—so he could answer questionnaires satisfactorily. Now he collects old campaign buttons and literature, having started with a button on which were pictures of William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt.

What boy has not climbed a tree and what one of us has never stretched out in the shade of a tree for an afternoon nap or perhaps stopped under its spreading branches for a Sunday picnic? Most of us have at some time or other been inspired by the beauty of some lovely old tree. FRANK H. LAMB, of Hoquiam, Washington, Past Director of Rotary International and author of two recent books on trees, is an ardent "fan" of world-famous trees. He will travel miles to get a picture of a famous tree to increase his now bountiful collection. To anyone outside North America for-

warding tree photographs on glossy paper suitable for reproduction. ROTARIAN LAMB will send a photographic portfolio of five famous American trees.

"I have reached the conclusion that at least 98 percent of the American people are more or less superstitious," reports ROTARIAN JOHN T. TAYLOR, of State College, Pennsylvania, who has made a hobby of studying superstitions. He declares that in talking with hundreds of people he has not yet met one who was not superstitious to some extent.

Paradoxically, he finds that superstitions are based upon both faith and fear. He has investigated the superstitions of athletes, actors, sailors, circus people, and also looked into the matter of curses, talismans, hexing, weather predictions, numbers, hypnotism, and mental telepathy.

What's Your Hobby?

Practically unknown is the man or woman or child who won't tell about his or her hobby at the drop of a hat—or before! Believe is a chance to tell about your hobby and thus reach others with a similar interest. Listing is free—the only requirement is that you be a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family. What's YOUR hobby?

Pictures: Mrs. Theodore E. Schulz (wife of Rotarian—collects pictures on life of Christ; desires good English interpretations; will exchange duplicates), Box 283, Alturas, Calif., U.S.A.

Dolls: Mrs. H. E. Walsh (wife of Rotarian—collects dolls of all types and descriptions; will exchange gift by souvenir of Pacific Northwest or hand-crocheted gift), 17852 40th N. E., Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: Virginia Krohn (daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals between ages 15-17), 341 Tenth St. S., Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., U.S.A.

Tumblers: Mayrose Lane (8-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects tumblers with monograms of hotels and cafes), P. O. Box 102, Waverly, Iowa, U.S.A.

Dahlias: N. E. Sartorius (raises prize dahlias; will exchange ideas), Pocomoke City, Md., U.S.A.

Stamps: Roy E. Thompson (collects stamps; desires correspondence with others similarly interested), 43 Grove St., Peñry, N.Y., U.S.A.

Model Railroad: Archery: John Knecht (interested in model railroading and railroads, also archery), 85 Ayerigg Ave., Passaic, N.J., U.S.A.

Hunting: C. R. Black (hunting hobbyist; desires words with others similarly interested), Harriman, Tenn., U.S.A.

Photography: Sam P. Price (interested in photography; desires correspondence or exchange of ideas), Box 908, Vicksburg, Miss., U.S.A.

Hunting: Hubert Jordan (interested in hunting and hunters), Ellisville, Miss., U.S.A.

Magic: Dr. R. W. Spiry (interested in feats of legerdemain; will exchange correspondence, ideas), 412 Main St., Mobridge, So. Dak., U.S.A.

Checkers: Frank Farry (will exchange ideas, moves), Durant Hotel, Flint, Mich., U.S.A.

Stamps: Walter A. Kendall (collects stamps), 27 Darwin Dr., Snyder, N.Y., U.S.A.

Flowers: Clayton DeCamp (interested in growing flowers), 18 Vassar Pl., Scarsdale, N.Y., U.S.A.

Guernseys, Hampshires: J. L. Dolan (interested in Guernseys and Hampshires; welcomes words from others similarly interested), 406 N. West Sixth St., Richmond, Ind., U.S.A.

Photography: Robert Orr (son of Rotarian—interested in photography and other photographers), 1231 Beal St., Rocky Mount, N.C., U.S.A.

Stamps: Thompson Murray (son of Rotarian—collects stamps; wishes correspondence), 208 Park Ave., Rensselaer, Ind., U.S.A.

Verses: J. M. Daly (interested in writing verses), Box 237, Parry Sound, Ont., Canada.

Maps; Pressed Glass: Mrs. Jay B. Allen (wife of Rotarian—collects maps both old and decorative; also Minerva pattern of pressed glass), 801 S. Duluth, Sioux Falls, So. Dak., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



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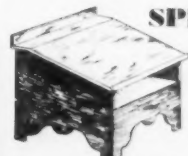
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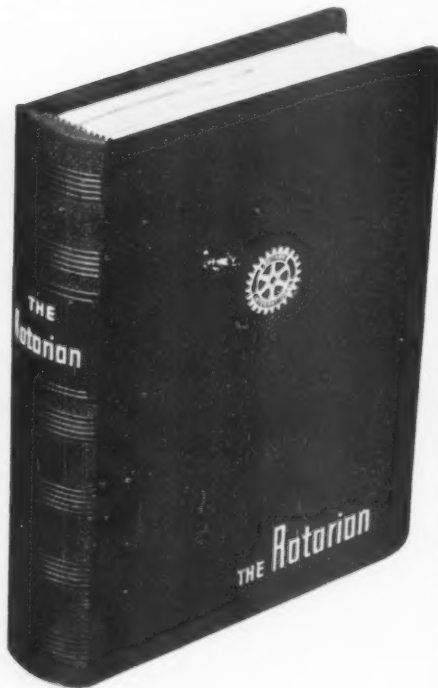
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Stripped Gears

A long strip. 3. Snow with a mixture of rain. 4. A glossy fabric. 5. A hollow dish for holding water. 6. Part of the arm. 7. Exhibits. 8. Firm.

Pi

Francis Bacon said this—but the compositor mixed it all up. It takes but a minute or two to straighten it out. "Meso ksoob rea to eb ttsade, tshero ot be lldewwaos, dan smoe wef to eb wdhece adn dgsdteie."

Poetic Enigma

My first is in dirt, but not in clay;
My second is in work, but not in play;
My third is in ate, but not in chew;
My fourth is in pound, but not in screw;
My fifth is in run, but not in walk;
My whole is an author of whom readers talk.

The answers to the three puzzles above will be found on page 63.

Forgotten!

Oh, no, never again will I blush quite the same

As I did in that far distant place,
When I met an old flame
Who remembered my name,
But said she had forgotten my face!

—Merlin L. Dappert

Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare

Close

"How close did it come to you?" asked the farmer, driving up to the tree where his hired man had taken shelter from an electrical storm.

"Well," stammered the man, still agitated, "I don't know, but my pipe wasn't lit before."—*Rotary Bulletin*, REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA.

Politeness Pays

An old lady in church was seen to bow whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. One day the minister met her and asked her the reason.

"Well," she replied, "politeness costs nothing, and you never can tell."—*Rotary News*, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Small Loss

She: "Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

He: "Yes, dear."

She: "Well, the other girls haven't missed much."—*Rotary Bulletin*, GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA.

Drawback

We'd make more friendly social calls if we didn't have to play with so many dogs, admire so many children, and look



"WILL you let Junior play with your machine? I forgot to shake up his medicine."

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to *Stripped Gears*, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. Here is a favorite of Rotarian H. D. Hughes of Chicago, Illinois.

A man received a letter the contents of which irritated him very much. He rushed over to a telegraph office and wrote out the following wire, requesting the operator to rush it to the writer of the letter: "Piffle. Piffle. Piffle. Piffle. Piffle. Piffle. Piffle. Piffle. Piffle. Piffle." The operator said, "You know you can send ten words as cheaply as nine. You can send another word without extra charge."

The man replied, "Well, I can't think of another word." She suggested, "You might add another 'Piffle.'"

He thought about it for a moment, and then said, "Well, wouldn't that sound rather silly?"

Urgent Decision

Susan's college education
Needs a deal of deliberation.

Shall she go to a co-ed
Or to a finishing school instead?

Shall she star in a career
Or compromise on woman's sphere?

We must decide without delay
For Susan is six months old today!

—May Richstone

Single Central Acrostic

Each of the words described contains the same number of letters, and the central letters, reading upward, spell what an Irishman said the coast of Ireland was red with:

Crosswords: 1. A scriptural name. 2.

at so many of our hosts' movies.—*The Reporter*, RUSSELL, KANSAS.

Definition

A successful man is one who earns more than his wife can spend. A successful woman is one who finds such a man.—*The Graftarian*, GRAFTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

Or High Blood Pressure

Impatient customer: "Can't you wait on me? Two pounds of liver—I'm in a hurry."

Butcher: "Sorry, madam, but two or three are ahead of you. You surely don't want your liver out of order."—*The Spokesman*, FREMONT, NEBRASKA.

A la Ogden Nash

There was a young man from Sudan
Whose poetry never would scan,

When they said that the thing
Doesn't go with a swing.

He replied, "I know—but I always like to get as many words in the last line as I possibly can."—*C. & S. Journal*.

Wise Lad

An old salesman was giving a few pointers to a beginner. "And never try to sell an encyclopedia to a bride."

"Why not?"

"Well, for at least the first year she thinks her husband knows everything."—*Weekly Bulletin*, OTTAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Up to Date

When the modern Caesar argues with a woman, the final result usually is, "He came, he saw, he concurred."—*Rotary Flashes*, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

Quatrain

Give all you can to the U.S.O.
And then your conscience won't hurt
U. SO.

It's just a debt which all of U.S.O.
Don't be a piker, U.S.O. and SO.

—J.W.R. in CHICAGO Sun.

Requirement

Lady: "I want to buy a comb."

Clerk: "Would you like a comb for a lady with rubber teeth?"

Lady: "No, I want a comb for a man with a metal back."—*The Reminder*, HINTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

Short Order

Jailer: "Now you're going on bread and water. How do you like it?"

Convict: "Whole wheat toasted."—*The Drummer*, FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT.

How and Where

She: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

He: "No, I don't think anyone ever did."

She: "Then I'd like to know how and where you got the idea."—*Rotagraph*, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

Never Can Tell

Don't be alarmed because your boy thinks he is smarter than his dad. He may be right.—*The Weekly Rotator*, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

It's a Gift: \$2

Though some months of the year are shorter than others—November, for instance—all limericks consist of five lines. The one below is as yet unfinished and the best fifth line submitted will bring the sender \$2. Send your last line—or lines—to The Fixer, Stripped Gears Department, care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois. Contributions must be in by January 1.—Gears Eds.

Speaker's Spout

Jim stopped when he'd had his short say
On the ways of the speaker that day,

"He's got nerve to come out
And stand there and spout

....."
You'll think of a lot of rhyme words, of course, but maybe one of these will help: bray, flay, fray, gay, jay, pay, pray, slay, spray, neigh, dismay, delay, betray, obey, waylay.

Come One, Come All!

The Rotarian who likes variety when he visits a different Club from his own—and his name is legion—will be happy to read the winning last line to the bob-tailed limerick published in the August ROTARIAN. It describes a Club where visitors may do just about what they please. Rotarian L. T. McKim, of Melville, Saskatchewan, Canada, submitted the chosen line. Here is the complete limerick:

*Our Club is the friendliest bunch
Of fellows who e'er ate a lunch;*

If you visit our town,

*Please come in and sit down—
Sing, talk, or just listen and munch.*

Caption Captured

THE FIXER needed a caption for a cartoon (reproduced herewith). He asked help, in the August issue, at the rate of \$2 for the best suggestion. The winning caption appears below—it is from Louis Geier, of Lufkin, Texas.



"SORRY that Bill is too sick to work.
We decided to close the office and go
fishing. Can we borrow his boat?"

Answer to Checker Problem (Page 41)
14-17, 22-25, 23-19, 15-24, 20-27, 32-23,
31-26, 23-30, 17-21, 12-16, 28-24. White's
moves in italics.

Answers to Puzzles on Page 62

SINGLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC: Centrals, reading upward: Lobsters. Crosswords: 1. MoSes. 2. shRed. 3. slEt. 4. saTin. 5. baSin. 6. elBow. 7. shOws. 8. soLid.
P: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."
POETIC ENIGMA: Twain (Mark).

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YOU DON'T NEED TO BE A MEMBER OF A ROTARY CLUB TO SUBSCRIBE FOR 'THE ROTARIAN' BY SENDING \$1.50 (U. S. & CANADA) TO 'THE ROTARIAN' MAGAZINE, 35 E. WACKER DR., CHICAGO.

Last Page Comment

THE FOUR OBJECTS OF ROTARY

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, in particular to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

LEON HENDERSON calls inflation a wolf in the article he contributes to this issue. Few men know more about its wolfish appetite than Mr. Henderson's fellow American economist Melchior Palyi. He once felt the wolf's fangs . . . and told the story in *THE ROTARIAN* just a year ago this month. It bears repeating now. In the Spring of 1922 Mr. Palyi, a Hungarian by birth, went to teach in Berlin at a comfortable salary. Inflation was on and by July he could not make ends meet. In August the school doubled his salary, then doubled it again in November and again early in 1923. Finally the authorities gave up doubling and started adding a zero to his salary figure, but even the zeros could not keep pace with rising prices. Thus the institution began paying him fortnightly, then weekly, then daily. One afternoon in October, 1923, he drew his salary of some 2 billion marks for the *second* time that day, but he had to hurry to catch his streetcar. It was going to raise its fare at 5 P.M. above his "monthly" check.

THE UNITED STATES now has a complete set of brakes for inflation—to change the figure. But let anyone who believes that the mechanism will run itself think twice. It won't. Government can go only so far. The individual, motivated by patriotic, unselfish impulses, must do the rest. Each must police himself. The same principle applies the world around, as other countries, which clamped the lid down long ago, will testify. As key men on Main Street, Rotarians are in a unique position to make anti-inflation measures work in their towns, to stamp out "black markets" should they crop up. All of

which is, by the way, simply good Vocational Service, good buyer-seller relations in an emergency.

THE NEW SPEED LIMIT

was only a few days old . . . but every driver in the long queue of autos was doing his patriotic best to hold himself down to 35 miles an hour. Suddenly, however, one car pulled out of line, shot ahead with treasonable speed, and would soon have zoomed out of sight had not one of the law-abiders laid finger to horn button and tapped out a toot: . . . —! At once every horn in the line began to echo it, and the tire squanderer swerved guiltily back into place and stayed there.

DO THE BOYS

get a send-off in your town as they leave for the service? Or is the whole ceremony "less impressive than the transfer of a group of men from the county jail to the State prison," as a Clayton, Missouri, Rotarian once remarked? A year and a month ago this department reported what Clayton Rotarians had done to brighten that picture, how they had begun to entertain selectees at Club luncheons and to see them off at the train. To readers in Britain and Canada and other countries, who had met the problem years before, the report must have had a better-late-than-never ring, but in many an American town the soldier's send-off is still about as inspiring as the routine departure of the 8:30 bus for Centerville. "Bill" Colvert, a New Mexico Rotarian who has just stepped out of "a good job" with the War Pro-

duction Board and into a private's uniform, suggests that some communities might use a part of their scrap-earned money for into-the-Army gifts. Not for him. He's in. His point, in any case, is well taken. It's simply that no Rotarian wants his town to be one where the boys have to make their own noise.

"SHARE YOUR TURKEY

with a serviceman" is the gist of a movement that may sweep the U.S.A. Hatched out at a luncheon table by some Midwestern businessmen, the idea is catching on wherever Thanksgiving Day will be observed. And that is enough said. Your servicemen's center knows some hungry boys.

KEEPING A MONTHLY

magazine abreast of the news these days is one continuous race with events. Several months ago Reese Wolfe prepared for us a manuscript on shipbuilding. In it he said, "Today the Oregon yards have set the pace with keel to launching in 60 days!" Ere the article saw type, Mr. Wolfe rushed us a revision: a new record had been set—47 days. Then, just as we were going to press, he wired a still further revision: best shipbuilding time now 24 days from keel laying to launching. The October issue, in which that story appeared, was no more than "off" when newspapers announced that Shipbuilder Henry J. Kaiser had broken every shipbuilding record in history. His Oregon company had launched the Liberty ship *Joseph N. Teal* just ten days after the keel was laid. Mr. Kaiser kept us hopping and then outdated our story before the ink was dry. May he do it again and again.

THE NEWS DID NOT

make the headlines—but Navsari, India, has a new Rotary Club. That gives a few more of Mother India's 389 million people another oasis in which men of many races and creeds can mingle in friendship. The Navsari Club is India's 32nd. In a small but significant way, its establishment spells another battle won. Good luck, Navsari Rotarians!

- your Editor

